

# PLUCK AND LUCK

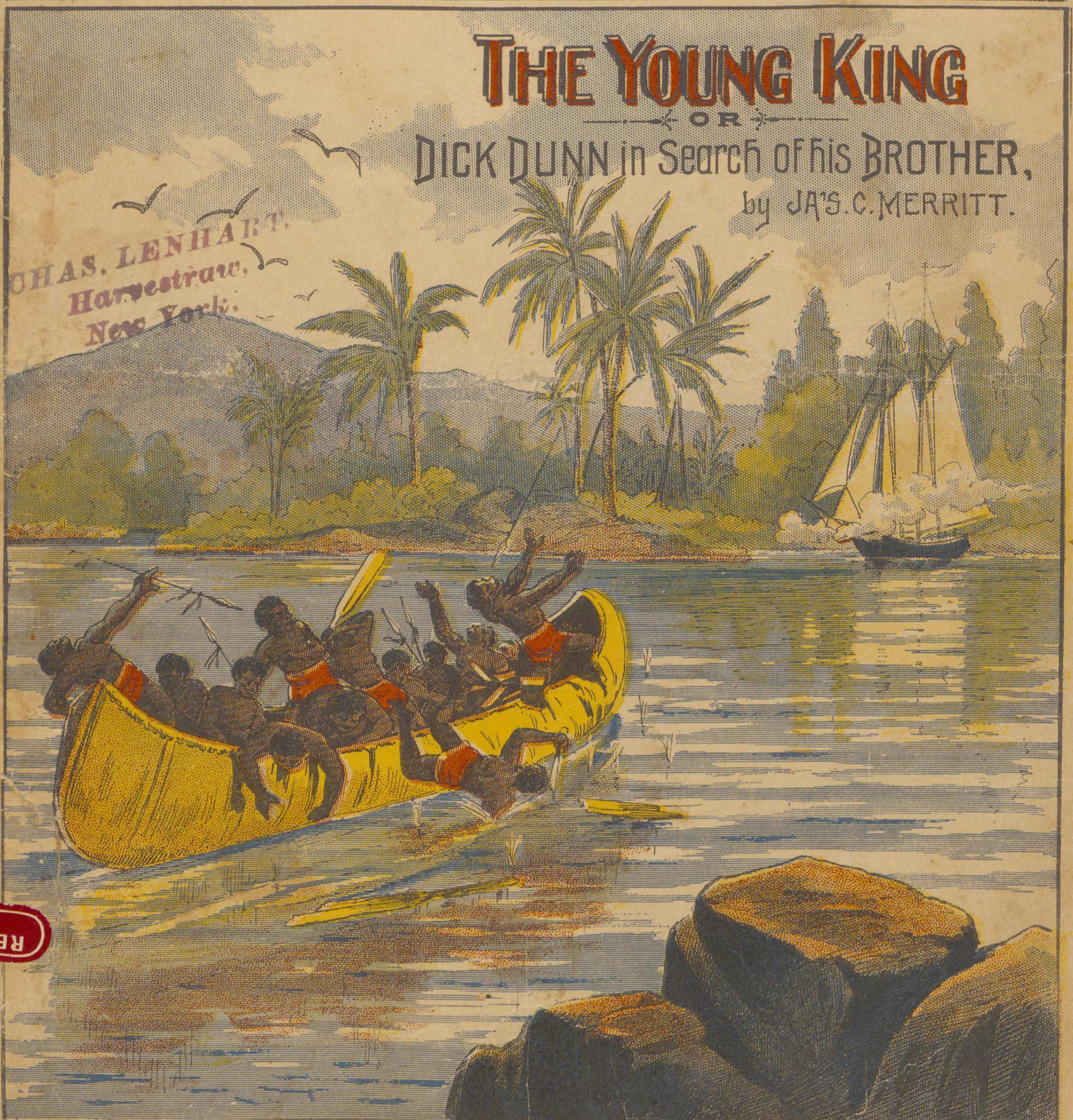
COMPLETE  
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 98.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.



Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! The two double barrels were emptied, and more than one-half the crew of the long canoe were wounded by the shower of buckshot.







# PLUCK AND LUCK.

## Complete Stories of Adventure.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, November 7, 1898. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1900, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 98.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

CHAS. LENHART,  
Harvestraw,  
New York.

# The Young King;

OR,

## DICK DUNN IN SEARCH OF HIS BROTHER.

BY JAMES C. MERRITT

CHAS. LENHART,  
Harvestraw,  
New York.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE YOUNG KING AND HIS PRISONER.

"Dick Dunn, do you intend to let these savages murder me?"

"They will execute the sentence of death on you, Ben Malcolm, and you know you well deserve it."

"Deserve death just because I——"

"Committed treason."

"Treason?"

"Yes—a double treason."

"Double treason?"

"Yes, treason against an old friend, and treason against the government of these islands."

"You make me smile, Dick Dunn. These savages have no government, except in so far as they recognize you as their king."

"Which is the only real government any people can have, Ben Malcolm. When we first landed here we found these people occupying nine islands, under an old chief of their race. He finally died, and then they elected me their king to succeed him. It is a government of the people, and I am the head of the government. You have tried to get me dethroned in order that you might reign in my stead. That is considered rank treason in all countries. It is worse than political treason, when it is considered that we have been old friends so long—that I once saved your life at the imminent risk of my own."

"But I haven't done any such thing!"

"You have. Your own tools have gone back on you and given you away."

"And you take the word of a set of savages in preference to mine!"

"Of course I do. I have caught you lying to me several times. These simple natives have never deceived me, Ben Malcolm, and if you are removed from their midst, there'll never be any more trouble on these islands. I'll give you just one week's time to prepare for death. Better to kill you than

have a rebellion on hand, that may cost the lives of hundreds to suppress."

"Do you mean it, Dick Dunn?"

"I do. I have pardoned you twice already, Ben, and you have only made matters worse each time. We are pretty sure to have no more trouble with you after you have been beheaded and buried in parts on the nine islands. Dead men give no trouble."

"Great God, Dick Dunn! You are the most blood-thirsty savage on these islands."

"Am I? It is well for me that I have the crown on my head. On yours it would develop more fiendishness than those simple-hearted natives have ever dreamed of. I know you, Ben Malcolm. You are not content that the power of the government shall remain as it is, but must needs foment trouble and discord. I will have no more of it. Once for all, you must die! The King decrees it, and the King never revokes a decree!"

"Dick! Dick! Mate, forgive me! On my knees I crave pardon of your majesty! I acknowledge my wrong and will always be your faithful slave after this. Pardon! Pardon!"

"No—no. You have deceived me three times, Ben Malcolm! You cannot do it again. Away with you!" and clapping his hands vigorously, the young king summoned a native guard to his side.

The dusky warriors sprang to his side like magic figures fine, athletic fellows, whose bronzed features contrasted vividly with the gaudy feathers of their head-dresses.

They looked at their young king, as if expecting a signal for the immediate execution of the culprit before him. Not one, however, laid a hand on the prisoner. But they surrounded him with their heavy, hard-wood swords and spears, ready to dispatch him should he attempt to injure the king or escape.

Besides the guards there were scores of natives about, dressed in the fantastic, airy costume of the tropics.

The men were all armed, and seemed ready at any moment



to die for their young king. They were fine-looking, athletic fellows, active as monkeys and fearless as lions.

The women were beautiful, smiling and happy. The deep olive tint of their skins enhanced their beauty rather than detracted from it. There was no such type of beauty as the blonde among them.

All eyes were turned toward the young king as the guard closed around the prisoner. Every one expected to hear the signal for the execution of the man who plotted against the king and defied his authority.

The prisoner's face was pale—pale as his bronzed features could be under the circumstances, for he was tanned almost as brown as the natives around him. He glared at the king, in whose power he was, and whose slightest word could set a horde of human tigers upon him to rend him in minute pieces.

"Take him away!" said the young king to the captain of the guard, "and keep him till the next moon, then he shall die."

The captain of the guard laid a heavy hand on the prisoner's shoulder, and pointed toward the door of the king's council.

The prisoner gave an imploring look at the king.

The guard closed around him and marched toward the door, carrying him along by force of numbers.

"Dick Dunn!" he cried, in frantic tones, "you hold my life in your hands! It is yours to do as you please with. Use it as you choose, only don't turn me over to these human tigers. Slay me yourself if you will, Dick Dunn! Dick Dunn!"

"Dick Dunn is no more," replied the king. "The king reigns!"

"Give me one more chance for my life, Dick—my king!"

"Away with him!" and the young king waved his hand toward the door.

The guards moved again, bearing him along with them.

Fearing that he would never get another chance to plead for his life, the prisoner made a dash, broke through the ranks of the dusky guards, and threw himself at the feet of the king, clasped him about the knees, and frantically begged for his life.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OLD SAILOR'S YARN—THE BLACK CHICKEN'S CHUCKLE.

A few years previous to the opening of our story, two young men, both Americans, were sitting on the dock at Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili, looking out on the broad Pacific.

They were both very young men, neither of them having passed the age of twenty.

Their faces were bronzed, however, by wind and weather, and their dress told plainly that they were sea-faring men.

The taller of the two youths had a frank expression of countenance that was calculated to win him friends wherever he went. There was something about him, too, that caused men to think twice before attempting to try violent conclusions with him.

The other one was not so tall, but was a little stouter than his companion.

His face was not so frank nor his eye so clear in its expression as the other's, yet the two taken together were well calculated to impress one as being two representative Yankee youths far away from home.

They had been walking about Valparaiso for a fortnight, visiting the docks daily, as if in search of some one they were quite anxious to see.

They would interview every English-speaking sailor they came in contact with, and ask many questions about a certain

ship which had sailed from that port six years previous to that time.

That ship was the "Pelican," of Boston.

It had put into Valparaiso for supplies and repairs, previous to going on a trading voyage among the distant islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

The ship was gone nearly two years, and when she returned two of her crew were missing. They had been missed soon after their disappearance, and a search had been made for them. But not a trace of them had been found after a week of diligent hunting. The natives denied all knowledge of them.

The ship sailed without them, and when she returned to her owners a part of her crew was dropped at Valparaiso. The two men were reported as lost among the islands of a certain group, in a certain latitude and longitude.

The two sailors who were lost were James Dunn and Bob Herkimer, two live Yankee sailors. No one on shipboard could give any account as to what fate had befallen them.

To see and talk with some one who had sailed on the "Pelican," on that voyage, was the object of the two young sailors on the docks at Valparaiso.

One day they met an old Yankee tar strolling about the docks, drinking all the whisky that he could get hold of.

The taller of the two young sailors watched him for some time. He heard him spinning a yarn about his voyages around the world, and knew from what he said that he had struck many ports where the English language was but little known.

"Why, blow me, mates!" he heard him say to a couple of old salts who had been spinning with him, "when I was on the good ship 'Pelican,' bound for the Isles of the South Pacific, I saw a sight I have never seen since."

At the mention of the ship "Pelican," the two young sailors, who had been loitering about the dock, drew near and listened to the story of the old seaman.

"What was it, mate?" one of the old salts asked.

"We were lying at anchor about two miles from one of a group of islands out in the South Pacific," the old tar said. "The moon was shining so bright that only a few stars could be seen. It was my watch, and everything on ship-board was as quiet as a church where there ain't any meeting. We had been on shore that day trading with the natives, who were very friendly toward us. They brought us more fruit than we could dispose of, and the native girls smiled on us so sweetly that more than one of the young men of the crew acted as though they wouldn't care if the long boat returned to the ship without them. The wenches were beautiful, some of them, and their dress wasn't much better than the fig-leaf rig of our old Mother Eve. Well, as I was on watch, listening to the songs of the native dancers on shore, I heard a chuckling laugh aloft. I knew there was no one up there—at least I thought I did, and it was my business to know. I looked up quickly, but didn't see any one. A minute or two later I heard it again—a chuckling laugh, as plainly as ever I heard anything in my life. I looked up again, and again failed to see any one. A third time I heard it, a dry, hearty chuckle, as if some one was mightily pleased. I couldn't stand that, and so went for the skipper to come up and see about it.

"What is it, Mr. Bowline?" says he.

"Just look aloft an' listen, sir," says I, an' he did, an' blow me if he didn't hear the chuckle as plain as I did. He looked hard at me, an' I ported my helm, an', says I:

"I can't make it out, sir."

"It's a black chicken," says he.

"A what?" says I.

"A black chicken," says he ag'in. 'Just you look above the pennant, Mr. Bowline, an' you'll see it.'

"I did look aloft, an' blow me overboard, mates, if I didn't



see one of old Mother Cary's chickens, black as ever the devil was painted, perched above the pennant!"

"Black!" exclaimed the two old salts in a breath.

"Yes, the blackest thing I ever saw. The skipper shook his head. 'I've been in these parts afore,' says he. 'Pipe all hands for inspection, Mr. Judson.' Judson was the mate. He piped all hands on deck, an' the skipper looked us over.

"Where's Dunn an' Herkimer?" says he, looking hard at the mate.

"I don't know, sir," says the mate.

"They're gone, sir!" says the skipper, swearing like a cyclone had struck him, 'an' that's what that black chicken is chuckling at up there!"

"We searched everywhere on board ship, but couldn't find 'em. The island was searched the next, an' the natives questioned, but nothing of 'em could we find. That black chicken sat up there an' chuckled at us all night. The skipper said as how we mustn't bother it, but let it go away when it would. As the sun began to rise he flew away, chuckling and laughing as he went."

The old sailors took a pull at a big black bottle when the yarn was finished, and were about to leave the dock, when one of the two young sailors accosted Bowline.

"Mr. Bowline," said he, "I want to speak with you about the 'Pelican.' I had a brother on board of her."

Bowline looked around and seemed to take a mental measure of the young sailor as he did so.

"What was his name?" he asked.

"Jim Dunn," was the reply, "and I know that your yarn is true, for my brother was reported in the log-book of the ship on her return."

"Of course it's true," said the old salt, grasping Dunn's hand. "I never spin any other kind of yarns, my lad. What ship do you belong to?"

"I am not on any ship now. My mate and I have been here a month looking for a ship going to the South Pacific Islands. My mate is Ben Malcolm here."

They shook hands, and then all took a drink together.

"Mr. Bowline," Dunn asked, as he passed the bottle, "what became of my brother?"

"Blow me if I know, lad," was the reply. "But the sharks didn't get him. Of that I am sure."

Young Dunn started, grasped the old man's hand, and exclaimed:

"Then you think he is yet alive? So do I. I have never believed him dead. I couldn't believe it, though everybody else seemed to."

"As for that I don't know, lad. I believe he and Bob Herkimer fell in love with some of them coppery gals an' went off with 'em. 'Tain't the first time sailors has done that, 'cause them young gals are witches, every one of 'em. I know 'em. I've been there more'n once, but they didn't get old Ben Bowline on a string. He's too hard-headed for that, understand?"

### CHAPTER III.

#### DICK BUYS A YACHT TO GO TO SEA IN—BEN BOWLINE.

The old sailor told young Dick Dunn many stories about his brother Jim as a rover of the deep, in which he was greatly interested.

Dick was away at the boarding-school when the news came that the "Pelican" had returned and reported two of her crew lost. He continued there till his education was completed. His parents were well to do, and gave their sons first-class

educations. But the two boys, James and Richard, had an irresistible longing for the sea, and nothing could prevent them from following it.

After making two voyages, young Dick determined to make a search among the South Pacific Isles for his brother. He had an idea that Jim was still alive. Something kept urging him to the step, and so he and a comrade went down to Valparaiso to make a start from there.

He had a pretty good supply of cash on hand, amounting to nearly three years' pay as a sailor on a merchant ship. He was waiting for a chance to go as a passenger on some trading vessel going to the Samoan Islands.

He had waited a whole month there when he came across old Ben Bowline. That old salt was of great use to him, for he confirmed the belief in his own mind that his brother was yet alive among some of those native communities.

"Mate," said Dick, after hearing all the old man had to say about the voyage of the "Pelican," "I am going out there to look for my brother."

"Why, shiver my timbers, lad!" the old man exclaimed. "You're too young for that. Them gals 'll get you just as they did the others."

"I'll take the chances," said the young sailor.

"And they'll take you," added the old salt, stowing a huge quid of tobacco in his left cheek. "Howsomever, if you go you want to own your own ship an' stay round there till you find him. Notrading vessel will do, for that won't give you any chance."

Dick looked blue.

"Why can't I go out in a trading vessel, as a passenger, and stop off on one of the islands and search for him?"

"Because you'll want something to impress the natives with your importance, so you can go from one island to another as you please. You must have presents to give to the king of the islands and his petty chiefs. Then you want weapons for defense and a good many other things."

"What kind of presents are most appreciated?"

"Gew-gaws, such as beads, rings and trinkets of all kinds. They don't know anything about gunpowder and fire-arms."

Just then the old salt was called away on some kind of urgent business. Dick got his address from him, however, and determined to call on him again as soon as he could.

"Well, what do you think of that, mate?" he asked of Ben Malcolm, when old Bowline left them.

"Good luck in meeting him," said Ben.

"Yes; and he thinks as I do, that Jim is alive yet."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going to get out there among those islands somehow."

"I'm with you."

They were both ripe for almost any kind of adventures, and only wanted an opportunity to dive into a series of desperate difficulties.

"But how'll we get there? That's the great trouble."

"Yes," said Ben, "it's the greatest difficulty. If we could get hold of a little yacht, now, we'd be all right."

"A yacht!"

"Yes. If we met no storm we could make the trip in a yacht."

Dick looked hard at his companion for a minute or so, as if really in some doubt as to the meaning of his words.

"The Pacific is a very quiet little pond," remarked Malcolm, smiling. "Sometimes two or three months pass without even a capful of wind blowing over other than the regular trade winds."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Ask the old man when you see him."

"Well, if it's true, I know where there is a yacht that can be bought very cheap," said Dick.



"Where?"

"At the dock above here. It belongs to a Spaniard. I heard him offering it for sale at a very low figure, the other day. I think he had lost heavily at the gaming-table."

"Very likely. Those Spaniards are inveterate gamblers."

That evening Dick met old Bowline again, and learned from him the very pacific character of the Pacific Ocean. The old salt gave him some other points also, and Dick, without hinting his intentions to the old man, went off in search of the Spaniard who owned the yacht he had seen down at one of the docks.

He found him at one of the gambling dens, with which Valparaiso abounded, and in a few minutes had a receipted bill of sale of the yacht in his possession.

"I tell you, mate," he said to his companion, "it's a fine bargain. It didn't cost a cent less than \$3,000 to build that yacht, and I got it for \$100."

Malcolm was astonished.

"Let's go down and look at it, mate," said Malcolm.

They went down to the dock and boarded the yacht. A boy was in charge of it. It was small, but well built and strong, and in fine condition. Of course it was built for a pleasure boat and not for sea-going purposes.

"It's even better than I thought," said Dick, as he examined the little vessel from stem to stern.

The next day they took formal possession of the yacht, and then Dick went in search of old Ben Bowline, to get him to give him some idea of the things he must buy to give to the natives.

He found the old man and persuaded him to go down and take a look at the yacht.

"Shiver my timbers, lad!" the old salt exclaimed, when he saw the little craft. "That thing will make straight for Davy Jones in the first storm that tackles her!"

"I'll take the chances on that," said Dick.

"Well, I won't take any responsibility in advising a fool!" bluntly returned the old man, turning on his heel and leaving Dick and Ben to depend on themselves.

## CHAPTER IV.

### OUT ON THE PACIFIC—BLACK MAN-EATERS—THE SAMOAN ISLES.

Dick was greatly disgusted at the conduct of the old sailor, Bowline, and was strongly tempted to run after him for the purpose of giving him a taste of his brawn.

"But let him go," he finally muttered. "We can get along without him, I guess. I say, Ben, we can provision her ourselves. We know everything a ship needs in the way of provisions. As to the gew-gaws and trinkets, I'll just do the best I can, and take the chances on hitting it right."

"That's it, mate. Throw your anchor and trust to getting a grip on the bottom."

"So I will. I will go up into the city and look after provisions, while you overhaul the craft and see that everything is all right and in good condition."

"All right. I'll give her a thorough overhauling," said Ben, as Dick turned his footsteps toward the business part of the city.

"Now, I want provisions first," said Dick to himself, as he made his way along the street, "and arms and ammunition next, for we may have to do some fighting. The natives don't know anything about fire-arms, old Bowline said, and so we will have the advantage if we have them. Then the trinkets will come last. If I have any money left after getting the others, I will astonish the natives with trinkets."

He found no difficulty in getting the provisions for the voyage, for he knew all about what was needed in that line on ship-board. Nor did he find much trouble about arms and ammunition. He bought five double-barreled shot guns, three rifles and a half-dozen revolvers. Then came kegs of powder, bars of lead, bags of shot, percussion caps, a dozen second-hand swords, saws, nails, hatchets, hammers, and a complete carpenter's outfit. These things he thought would be needed, and so bought and had them sent down to the yacht.

Then he went among the notion shops and bought up great quantities of beads, brass rings, bracelets and gee-gaws of every imaginable description. He laid in over a hundred small hand-mirrors, which he knew would tickle the fancy of the women; also a goodly number of pocket knives. All these things he had boxed up and sent down to the yacht.

Ben Malcolm was astonished at the extent of his purchases.

"Money isn't of any use out there among those native islanders, I guess," remarked Dick; "so I thought we'd better get something that would pass current among 'em."

"Maybe you're right, mate," replied Malcolm, stowing the boxes away snugly in the little hold of the yacht.

They were a whole week in getting everything ready for the voyage. Their greatest difficulty was fresh water. They would be compelled to take a goodly quantity of that along, as to be without water would be very much worse than being without food. With their hooks and lines they were sure of being able to catch food enough out of the ocean, but not so with fresh water.

But at last they were ready to start. Everything was on board that was needed, and the two daring young men raised anchor, hoisted sail, and boldly pushed out into the illimitable Pacific.

We do not purpose following them in their wanderings in the South Pacific. That would fill an immense volume. They met with no accident. Once a hurricane threatened them, and a hurricane in that part of the world was something to be greatly dreaded.

Fortunately they found a snug little harbor over against an island that was inhabited by a race of black, fierce cannibals.

During the prevalence of the storm, the cannibals crowded the beach and gazed at the little craft anchored but a quarter of a mile from the shore.

They dared not venture out in their dugouts during the storm, lest they get swamped and be left a prey to the sharks.

But the moment the storm subsided they made a rush for their canoes.

"Mate," said Dick, "they're coming for us armed to the teeth. We can't go outside yet because the waves are too huge. We must fight."

"Good Lord!" gasped Ben Malcolm, "what can we do against so many?"

"Load up all the shot-guns—ten barrels in all, and give them a raking fire. The shot will scatter so much as to hit at least ten men to each barrel. That and the noise of the guns will probably make them sheer off."

"Maybe so," and they went to work loading up the guns. Five barrels were charged with duck-shot. The other five with buckshot intended for more deadly work if the first volley didn't suffice.

The first canoe came bearing down on the little yacht, filled with black, greasy-looking savages.

"Sheer off, there, or I'll fire on you!" cried Dick.

A fierce yell burst from the savages.

Of course they didn't understand a word of what Dick said to them, but came on with broad sweeps of their long, slender oars.

"Let 'em have it, Ben!" said Dick, raising his gun to his shoulder.

Bang! bang!



Bang! bang!

The two double barrels were emptied, and more than one-half the crew of the long canoe were wounded by the shower of buckshot.

Such demoniacal screeching as rent the air!

They threw down their oars and plunged into the water to swim back to land.

The noise of the guns and stinging sensations of the wounds had produced a panic among them.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Ben Malcolm. "That got away with 'em. Look! Great God! The sharks are tearing 'em to pieces! Whew! There must be a thousand sharks after 'em! The water is alive with 'em!"

"Poor fellows!" exclaimed Dick; "I am sorry for them, but it was them or us. We have the right to defend ourselves anywhere. I don't believe a single one of them will escape."

Ten minutes after the four shots were fired the sharks had destroyed every single savage from that canoe. So great was the panic that not one dared remain in it.

Appalled at the swift destruction that had overtaken the first canoe, the second and third ones hastily put back to shore. They no more dared venture toward that mysterious craft that belched forth such awful destruction than they dared defy their own man-eating king.

"That settles it," said Dick. "They won't bother us again. We can stay here a whole week and they won't dare try that over again."

He was right.

They never attempted to attack the yacht again, and the next morning the ocean was as smooth as a sea of glass. They raised anchor and sailed away, to the great relief, no doubt, of the black man-eaters.

A month later they reached the Samoan Islands.

Dick was a good navigator, and understood the chart as well as many older sailors.

"These are the Samoan Islands," he said, as they approached a group of islands covered with the greenest and most luxuriant foliage they had ever seen. "Old Ben Bowline said the natives were not hostile, but rather curiously partial to whites, at least on one of the islands. Ah! Just look. The natives are running down to the beach in the greatest excitement. They are almost naked and nearly white—bronze-colored in the sunshine. They are making signs to us to come ashore."

## CHAPTER V.

### DICK AMONG THE NATIVES.

The yacht came to anchor within rifle shot of the shore of a beautiful island. Oranges, bananas, pine apples and cocoanut trees abounded, and the air was loaded with the perfume of tropical fruits and flowers.

"This beats anything I ever saw," remarked Ben Malcolm, as he gazed on the magnificent scenery before him.

"Yes," said Dick, "it seems like paradise. The people look as if they wanted us to come ashore."

"Better be careful about doing so," said the other. "They have weapons in their hands."

"All barbarous people have that habit."

"True, and they use them, too. They keep coming from all over the island."

"Yes. There comes one who must be a chief among them. They give way to him as he approaches the beach."

"Suppose you signal to them to come on board."

"Too many of them. Let's wait and see what they will do."

They waited a couple of hours, during which time the natives assembled on the shore and beckoned to the two young men to come to the land. Dick quietly remained at anchor and returned the signal invitations.

At last the chief appeared to have made up his mind to come aboard.

A canoe was got ready for him, and he entered it, accompanied by a number of men, all armed, of course. They rowed out to the yacht and gazed curiously at the strange craft.

Dick extended his hand toward them, and smiled in a manner to assure them of his peaceful disposition. The chief seemed of the same way of thinking, and so ordered his canoe alongside of the yacht. Dick reached down his hand and caught that of the chief. Reassured, the chief climbed aboard and stood by the side of the young sailor. Both were about the same height—tall and well formed. The chief was of a very dark olive complexion—almost of a bronze color, with regular features, coal-black eyes and very kindly face.

The chief muttered something Dick could not understand, but from the inquiring look in his eyes he judged that he was asking where he came from—a most natural question under the circumstances.

"I came from America, in the East," he said, pointing eastward as he spoke.

Of course the native did not understand a word he said, but he smiled, nodded his head, and seemed to be satisfied with the reply.

Turning to Ben, Dick said:

"Go down and bring up the little case I left on my berth. I'll capture this fellow at once."

Ben turned and went down into the little cabin, returning a minute later with a cheap little wooden case, one of several Dick had purchased in Valparaiso, and handed it to the young sailor.

Dick opened the case and displayed a glittering array of cheap brass and gilt jewelry, stones and glass. The eyes of the native opened wide with amazement. There were gaudy rings, chains and medals.

Dick took a ring and placed it on the index finger of the chief. He held it up and gazed at it with an expression of gratified vanity on his swarthy face. Then other rings followed, a gaudy chain was thrown over his head and hung around his neck.

The chief was captured.

He seized Dick's hand and placed it on his head, as a token of either servitude or friendship, Dick was unable to tell which. But when he held a small, cheap hand-mirror before him, and allowed him to see his reflected image in it, the climax was reached.

The chief uttered guttural exclamations of delight, and threw himself flat on the deck before the young white man. The natives in the canoe stood up and gazed in awe-struck wonder at the position of their chief.

Dick took him by the hand and raised him up.

"Bring me a glass of wine for him, Ben," he said to his companion.

Ben went below and soon returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses that sparkled in the sunlight like purest crystal.

The glasses excited the greatest admiration of the natives, who doubtless mistook them for ornaments of some kind.

But when Dick poured out the rich red wine, they seemed to understand what it all meant. He gave one glass to the chief, and took the other himself and drank it off. The chief followed his example, and was so pleased with the taste of the wine that he eyed the bottle longingly. Dick refilled his glass, and it went the way of the other.

The chief became very friendly after that, and shouted something to the people on shore. There was a scampering among them, and scores were seen running back toward the interior.



"What in thunder does that mean, I wonder?" remarked Ben Malcolm, who was busy watching every movement.

"Wait and see," said Dick; "but don't let 'em see any distrust on our part."

In a few minutes the order of the chief was but too plainly manifest. He had ordered them to bring fruit on board. Scores of natives were seen running down to the shore loaded with all kinds of tropical fruit—oranges, pineapples, bananas, and cocoanuts were as plentiful as sand on the beach. A canoe loaded down with the fruit put out from the shore and came alongside the yacht. They piled it up on the deck till there was enough to feed a whole ship's crew for a week.

"This is like a dream," said Ben, as he gloated over the luscious fruit. "If your brother hung up here I am not the one to blame him."

The chief made a speech to the two whites, pointing toward the land, making signs of welcome that could not be misunderstood.

"Mate," said Dick to his companion, "I am going to take the chances and go on shore with him. I don't think they will have any hostile feelings toward us."

"I wouldn't do it, mate," said Ben. "It's dangerous."

"I know it is, but if we show a fearless confidence in them, they will like us all the better, and be more frank with us. Just keep a sharp lookout, and look for me if I don't come back in a reasonable time."

Giving the case of trinkets to the chief, he prepared to go ashore, buckling on a sword, a brace of revolvers, and taking a rifle with him.

The chief led the way into the canoe, and when both were seated the whole crew commenced chanting a monotonous song as they pulled at the oars. They sent the canoe away up on the white beach among a thousand natives, who received them with a great shout of welcome.

Dick looked around at their faces, and never found one with any hostile expression about it. A lively curiosity seemed predominant.

The women were quite handsome and rather modest, but almost as scantily dressed as was Mother Eve with her fig-leaf toilet.

When Dick and the chief set foot on the beach a great shout went up again; but the chief raised his hand for silence, and the stillness of death followed.

He said something to them, and then they prostrated themselves on the ground.

Dick was puzzled to know in whose honor it was done, and looked inquiringly at the chief.

At a signal from the chief they sprang from the ground and commenced dancing.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A NAVAL VICTORY.

The dance was joined in by both sexes. The young women seemed to regard the tall, handsome young sailor with the greatest admiration. They displayed an agility that astonished him, and some of them were as pretty as any he had ever seen in any part of the world.

During all this time the crowd kept increasing in numbers. The news flew from one end of the little island to the other, and every man, woman and child evidently wanted to get a look at the stranger. They poured in from every direction, showing that the population had not been decimated by internal warfare.

Fruits of every kind were brought to him. Dick saw a plump little maiden, probably about fifteen years old, with a

cluster of luscious grapes in her hand. She gazed admiringly at him, and he smiled and beckoned her to him. She ran forward, and he took the grapes from her hand and placed a large seal ring on her little nut-brown hand. She was overjoyed, for it made her the most envied maiden on the island. The other girls crowded around her and chatted like so many parrots.

After numerous other ceremonies, Dick wanted to return to the yacht. The chief wanted to detain him. He summoned his professional dancers and had them entertain him with the best feats they were capable of performing.

Suddenly he looked up and saw a very large bird, as large as an eagle, sailing lazily around in grand circles. He pointed to the bird, and every eye was turned in that direction. Taking a deliberate aim, he fired at the bird, and, fortunately, sent a bullet right through him.

At the report of the gun the females shrieked in the greatest terror, and the men prostrated themselves on the ground. The bird closed its wings and fell to the ground in the agonies of death, to the profound amazement of the chief and his men.

They ran to the bird, took it up, and found the hole where the bullet had passed clear through it. Their astonishment was unbounded, and they passed it from one to the other with comments.

The chief looked at the gun, and talked rapidly in an unintelligible gibberish to those around him.

Just then a shot from the yacht caused every one to gaze in that direction.

Instantly a wild yell of dismay burst from the crowd of natives. Some five or six miles out to sea nearly a dozen large war canoes, filled with armed savages, were coming toward the island as fast as oars wielded by naked, brawny arms could bring them. Terror was plainly depicted on the faces of those about the young sailor, and the more timid among them began to retreat toward the top of the hill further back from the shore. The chief looked grave and uneasy.

Dick was quick to understand the situation. He saw that the new-comers were enemies whom the natives around him greatly dreaded.

He raised his voice so as to arrest the attention of the trembling natives, pointed to the dead bird at his feet, and then to his rifle, and lastly at the war canoes of the enemy. They caught his meaning. They closed around him with the greatest enthusiasm, and acted as if they wanted to be led toward them at once. Dick walked down to the beach, entered the deserted canoe, and motioned to the rowers to row him out to the yacht. They didn't respond, however, till the chief spoke to them, when at least thirty sprang into the canoe, seized the oars, and sent it flying toward the yacht.

Dick sprang on board, and left the canoe to return to the beach.

"Ben," he said, "these people never heard a gun fired before. Get out the shot guns and buckshot, and we can make a name for ourselves here that will protect us forever. A dozen shots will send those fellows back to their homes, never to return again."

Ben rushed below and got out the guns. They had been kept in a very convenient place all the time, ready for any emergency that might arise.

They were quickly charged and double shot. Then they hoisted sail, raised the anchor and went forward to meet them.

Of course the invaders had no fear of the little yacht. They came on singing their war songs, in the full confidence of being able to sweep the island and carry away the young women and all the plunder they could find.

But when they found that instead of retreating the strange craft was bearing down upon them, the first canoe laid on its oars and waited to see what kind of a foe the yacht would prove to be.



"Now, Ben," said Dick, "let 'em have both barrels, and I'll do the same."

"All right. We've got 'em where we can give 'em a raking fire."

"Now!"

Bang! Bang!

Bang! Bang!

The four barrels were discharged with accuracy of aim, and did terrible execution. Nearly every man in the canoe was hit, a half dozen killed outright. The wounded were so much demoralized that they plunged into the sea and abandoned the canoe. The air was full of their screeches and the water full of sharks, and in a few minutes the most pitiable sight was seen. Sharks reddened the water with the blood of the wretches, and in a very short while all in the water were torn to pieces with the exception of some half dozen, who succeeded in reaching the nearest boat.

"It's awful," said Ben Malcolm.

"Yes, but it's necessary in order to teach 'em a lesson. Let's go for that other canoe out there."

They made for the second canoe, and in a few minutes it had shared the fate of the first one. The noise, smoke and strange execution by weapons they had never seen or heard of before created a panic, and all the other canoes turned and pulled away as fast as human strength would permit.

"One more," said Dick, and they gave chase to the retreating canoes. The hindmost one was peppered from stem to stern, and the yells of the wounded wretches could be heard for miles around.

In less than one hour the whole fleet of canoes was in full retreat, with the loss of three canoes and about 150 men.

"This is a complete victory," said Dick, "and those natives back there will hail us as their deliverers."

"Yes, a first-class naval victory," said Ben, smiling, "and against great odds."

"I am glad we had the chance to make a good impression on those yellow fellows back there on the island. Just listen how they yell! They are running down to the beach to meet us!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### DICK IS RECEIVED AS A FRIEND, AND THE KING SENDS FOR HIM.

As the yacht returned to her anchorage she was received by the natives with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. They had been delivered from the fierce black warriors of a tribe living on the island some forty miles south of them. Several times had they swept like a scourge over some of their beautiful islands, and now they had the infinite satisfaction of seeing them routed and driven back by the mysterious strangers to whom they had given a hearty welcome.

The chief threw himself on his face on the ground at Dick's feet when he landed again, and placed his foot on his head. That was a token of complete submission of himself and his people. One who could defeat a thousand men, as they had seen him do, was to be feared and obeyed.

Dick was now assured that these people were his friends, and that they could be trusted. They came around him with faces that plainly showed a desire to do something for him and his companion. He looked eagerly into their faces, hoping to be able to find his brother among them. But he saw nothing that indicated that they had ever seen a white man before.

Night came on, and the natives brought fruit in abundance for a feast. Goat's milk was also plentiful and goat meat.

But Dick saw that the principal diet was fruit, which seemed to be abundant everywhere.

The moon shone as bright as day, and no one seemed to have any desire to go home. The chief put his professional dancers at work, and they danced for hours at a time.

To make himself popular with the men, Dick shook hands with every one of them, and then turned to go through the ordeal with the women. They kissed his hand and seemed to appreciate the honor even more than the men did.

At last he insisted on retiring on board the yacht to sleep. The chief would not listen to it. He spoke something to the men about him, and scores of them hastened away.

An hour later they returned, bringing with them great rolls of grass matting, and long, slender sticks.

The sticks they stuck into the ground, and tied together with sinews in a peculiar way. They then unrolled the matting and commenced to cover the sticks.

"Building a house, by George!" exclaimed Dick, as he looked on at the work.

In an hour's time they had erected a large, airy tent of grass matting, capable of sheltering a score of men.

Then, at a signal from the chief, all the men retired. But a score of young and beautiful women remained. They waited on him, bearing delicious fruits, and spread a bed of soft grass matting for him to rest upon. He noticed that each one tried to attract his attention. They smiled upon him, and tried in every way to make an impression upon him.

At last he motioned to them all to leave him, and they did so with the utmost decorum, after which he lay down to sleep, leaving Ben Malcolm in charge of the yacht.

The night passed very quietly, notwithstanding the fact that several hundred natives slept on the ground a little distance in the rear of the grass tent that had been provided for Dick Dunn.

They arose with the sun, and brought fruits in abundance for Dick and Ben. The two young men were pleased at their reception by the natives, and made up their minds to remain there until they were satisfied that Jim Dunn and Bob Herkimer were not about.

The day passed in one grand round of festivity. The people seemed to have nothing to do but to eat, sleep and drink. Nature supplied them so bountifully with every kind of fruit, that no one was required to do any work other than to stretch forth his hand and gather and eat.

During the day, Dick saw many large canoes coming in from the west, from islands that seemed but a mere outline on the horizon, and knew that the tribe he was with occupied more than one island.

He opened a conversation with the chief by means of signs and gestures, and ascertained that they lived on a cluster of nine islands, and that the old king of the tribe lived on the largest of the group, a little beyond the islands they saw in the distance.

At dinner he was again waited on by a bevy of handsome girls. He sent a canoe to the yacht to bring Ben on shore. He came, of course, and was received with demonstrations of delight. The dinner consisted of milk of goats, bread fruit, bananas, oranges, nuts and a kind of potato not unlike the sweet potato of the Southern States of America.

"This is fine," said Ben, as he ate of the delicious fruit. "I am in love with a half dozen girls already, savages though they be."

"They are the most gentle savages I ever heard of," remarked Dick. "We must be very careful not to do anything to give them cause to dislike us."

"Of course. Do you know I don't think they ever saw a white man before."

"I am inclined to think that way myself. But white men



have struck some of the other islands of this people, for old Ben Bowline told us a good deal about them, you know."

"Yes. Pity we can't understand their language, or they ours."

"We must try to understand theirs. They will be sure to be kind to us in order to have us protect them from their enemies."

The chief had sent couriers to the old king on the largest island, during the night, with a report of the appearance of the yacht and the two white men in it; also about the great victory gained by the strangers over the black warriors of the South Islands.

The old king was very much pleased at the news of the battle and defeat of the blacks, and sent messengers with an invitation for the strangers to visit him at his capital.

The messengers arrived late in the afternoon, and the chief had a tough job in trying to make Dick understand what the messengers wanted. But at last he did understand it, and he expressed his willingness to go.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DICK SAVES THE KING'S LIFE.

"Ben," he said, turning to his companion, "we must take the messenger on board and go with him to see the king."

"May be the chief would like to go, too," suggested Ben.

Dick turned to the chief and made him understand that he wanted him to go along with him.

The chief consented, and then preparations were at once made for the journey. Every canoe on the island was pressed into service, and it looked as though the whole population intended to go along in the wake of the yacht.

When everything was in readiness to start, Dick, Ben, the messenger and the chief, with several young women whom Dick suspected of being the wives of the chief, went on board the yacht. They raised the anchor and hoisted the sails. A stiff breeze was blowing. The sails bellied out, and the yacht moved majestically through the water.

The canoes followed in a line, and thus formed a long procession. The women and children all went along; not a single soul remained on the island.

They reached the island home of the king long after sunset, and were received by a vast crowd of natives. All the men were armed, with a peculiar kind of club and long lances or spears.

"They are all right, Ben," said Dick. "They are not in the least disposed to doubt our motives in coming here. Our fight with those black warriors yesterday has proven our friendship for them. We are safe enough among them, and need not have any fears about them. You will have to remain on board till I see what the king will have to say about our visit."

"I don't mind that. There will be as many to look at the yacht as there will be at the reception by his royal nibs. Go ahead."

A royal canoe came for him, in which Dick, the chief, and messenger embarked. It was but a short distance to the shore, and the residence of the king was about five miles from there.

On landing he found over three thousand warriors, or guards, awaiting to escort him to the city of the king. On every face was an expression of good will, which assured him that he was running no risk.

It was midnight when they reached the residence of the old king. His palace, if such it might be called, was a large

collection of grass plait houses, all connected with each other, thus affording a great number of rooms.

One of these rooms was the audience chamber of the old king. It was lighted by means of oil of some kind of nut, with grass wicks in stone bowls.

When the procession reached the entrance of the palace the line opened, and Dick marched into the royal presence, led by the messenger, preceded by a half dozen young female torch-bearers, with his cap in his hand and looking as proud as a high-spirited youth could.

He found the old king seated on a rude wooden throne, which was covered by a robe of many-hued feathers. He was a very dignified old man, of some seventy or eighty summers, and perhaps as many winters.

The messenger introduced Dick in a jargon that Dick thought was the worst he ever heard in all his life. The king, however, thought it a fine speech, for he smiled, bowed his head low down, took Dick's hand, placed it on the old head that had long worn a figurative crown, and then seated him by his side.

The moment he was seated the multitude set up a shout of welcome, and then commenced dancing, singing and shouting like people beside themselves with joy.

Suddenly an immense giant appeared—a man at least eight feet tall—and the crowd gave way before him as if he were an untamed tiger. He was of a much darker complexion than those around him. The people fled from him in terror. He made straight for the king, his eyes gleaming fiercely, and the old king uttered a cry of horror and tried to escape. The giant was too quick for him, and in a moment had him in his monster grasp.

Dick saw that he was an enemy, and meant to do the king an injury. Drawing one of his revolvers, he aimed at his head and fired. The giant dropped the king, staggered backward a few paces and fell to the ground.

## CHAPTER IX.

### DICK DUNN AND THE PRINCESS OF THE SAMOAN ISLES.

The report and flash of the revolver created the wildest consternation among those in the council-room. The women screamed and huddled tremblingly together, while the men ran hither and thither, flourishing their rude arms and yelling like all possessed.

In the meantime young Dick saw his opportunity to impress the natives with the idea of invincibility; he took a stand over the dead giant, his smoking revolver in his hand, and glared triumphantly around at the frightened multitude.

The old king fell all in a heap when the giant let him drop. But he was worse scared than hurt, and soon scrambled to his feet; his guards were too much demoralized to venture within twenty feet of the dead giant.

Suddenly the chief who had accompanied Dick and the king's messenger to the court, sprang forward, stood upon the dead man's chest, and made a short, sharp, rapid speech to the terrified multitude. It had a wondrous effect. Everybody rushed forward to look at the dead giant. They examined the wound in the head, and expressed their surprise in very unmistakable tones.

At last the old king came forward and inspected the wound. He was even more surprised than any of his followers, and gazed at Dick as though he regarded him as something more than human.

Dick smiled, and replaced his revolver in his belt.

The old king advanced to his side, took his hand and laid it on his head, saying something at the same time that caused all



those present to prostrate themselves on the ground before him.

Dick judged that the old king was expressing his gratitude for what he had done. He, therefore, made signs to convey to the king that he would do all in his power to defend him and his throne from any danger that menaced him.

Suddenly a gayly-dressed young girl, scarcely sixteen years old, came into the council-room from another apartment, and smiled on all around her. The young women flocked around her and talked all at once, like so many school-girls just out of school.

It was the old king's daughter—the princess.

She gazed at Dick with an expression of great curiosity and undisguised admiration on her face. Dick returned the gaze with equal interest, for she was the most beautiful of all the native girls he had seen.

The gay dress she wore consisted of a robe of fine feathers, of as many hues as the rainbow, made of the skins of as many gay-plumaged birds. Her arms and shapely limbs were bare, showing the most perfect form he had ever seen.

Something moved Dick Dunn to go forward and pay his respects to her. Accordingly he advanced toward her, took her hand in his, bowed low, and pressed it to his lips. The girl trembled from head to foot, but never moved, though her companions quickly fell back when he approached.

The act seemed to astonish every one present.

No savage ever pays any respect to woman as woman. The daughter of a king is always respected, of course.

The princess was the proudest little woman that ever lived. She felt that the greatest man that ever lived had paid homage to her, and her companions envied her accordingly.

The king's attendants carried, or rather dragged the dead giant out of the council-room, and then the king seated himself on the throne again.

Rude music now burst upon them, and in another moment the young women of the assembly began the queerest dancing Dick Dunn had ever seen or ever dreamed of. It was simply indescribable, and seemed to please the old king very much.

It pleased Dick, too, for it was both new and strange to him. Each girl seemed bent on excelling the other in acrobatic agility and gracefulness of motion.

Tired and sleepy, Dick wondered if the festivities would never cease. To his surprise, a grand feast was prepared in another part of the royal residence, to which he was led by the old king himself. All the tropical fruits he had ever heard of were there in the greatest profusion. He ate heartily and never saw a better-natured set than the half-naked savages around him.

At last he intimated his desire to retire and get some sleep, and the old king at once ordered his attendants to show him to his sleeping apartment.

A bevy of young women danced all the way before him to the apartment set apart for his use. Not a male attendant among them! They showed him a room in which was neither chair nor table. Only a roll of matting of some kind of soft fibre stood in a corner.

This was unrolled and made into quite a respectable bed.

"Here, now," he said, turning to the young women, "your services are not required any longer to-night. I'm not a corpse; you needn't sit up all night with me. Just get out, now, and let me get some sleep, will you?"

They laughed and giggled as though they thought he had said something very funny, but did not seem to be in any hurry to act on his suggestion.

Dick saw that they did not understand him, and so he took one by the shoulders and gently pushed her out of the room. A gesture to the others was sufficient, and out they all went, a laughing, innocent group of romping girls.

"They have queer customs," remarked Dick, as he lay down on the roll of soft matting and settled himself for a nap.

He soon fell asleep and slept soundly till after sunrise, when he was awakened by a series of shouts outside in the village.

Not knowing what it meant, he sprang up and examined his revolvers to make sure that they were all right. Then he waited for further developments. The uproar continued, and Dick was on the point of going out to see what had caused it, when the young princess dashed into the room and wildly gesticulated, and seemed to be in great distress. He looked at her and asked:

"What in thunder is the matter now?"

She talked rapidly and made many gestures he could not interpret, try as hard as he would.

She seized him by the arm and proceeded to drag him out of the room. Then he knew that she wanted him to go outside. He went with her, and on the outside found the whole village in a fever of excitement.

"What in blazes is the matter now?" he asked. "Where is the king, and what does this mean?"

In the confusion he could get neither head nor tail of the trouble. The princess was evidently excited about something. Her girl companions were crying and seemingly in great distress about something.

At last he discovered that they were distressed over the disappearance of the body of the dead giant. His body could nowhere be found. Dick could not understand it himself, and really didn't care. He saw, however, that a superstition of some kind was at work. To give them an idea of the disappearance of the dead giant, he took up a handful of fine dust, showed it to the natives, and then blew it in the air. They understood, then, that he had blown the dead away, and were satisfied.

## CHAPTER X.

### HE FINDS AN INTERPRETER AND TALKS WITH THE KING.

Dick looked around at the good-natured natives and remarked:

"Hanged if they don't understand me as saying that I blew him away, when I didn't. Some of them stole the body for some purpose or other, and whoever did it will put me down as a humbug. Hanged if I don't set to work to learn their language so as to be able to prosecute my search for Jim. He must be on some of these islands."

Just as he was about to partake of a breakfast of fruit and roast kid, a large band of natives came over from another island belonging to the tribe. They had come to see the mysterious white man, whose arrival had been heralded from island to island with surprising rapidity.

Dick looked eagerly at the natives, hoping he would find his long-lost brother among them. But no familiar face greeted him.

The new-comers gathered around, and gazed at him with the greatest curiosity imaginable.

Suddenly an old man in their ranks stepped forward and said:

"Marsa, me talkee to you!"

Dick sprang forward, grasped the old man's hand, and asked:

"Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"Me Bayta; good friend to white man. White man save me from pirate one time. Me stay long time an' talkee white man talk."

"How long since you saw a white man?" Dick asked.

"Long time, when Bayta was young likee marsa."



Dick's heart sank in his bosom.

He knew then that his brother Jim was not with this tribe.

"Where do you live now, Bayta?"

"On Soodong Island," and he pointed toward his island home as he spoke.

"How far from here?"

"Two hours in canoe."

"Well, I want you to stay here a while and talk to the king for me. I don't understand your tongue."

Bayta looked serious.

"King Koonooda no likee Bayta," said he, shaking his head.

"Why not?"

"Bayta too muchee talkee one time. King send him away to Soodong."

"Well, I'll make that all right with the king. I want you to talk for me. I'll hire you. Stay with me; be my man, and I'll pay you well."

"Me do dat, marsa; me stay wid you!" exclaimed the overjoyed native.

"All right then. I've got a ship, and a man on it. We'll take good care of you. Give me your hand on that?"

Bayta gave him his hand, and he shook it cordially, in token of the bargain he had just made.

The native then turned and explained to his companions from Soodong the nature of his engagement with the mysterious white man, and the news spread like wild fire.

The king heard of it, and sent for him.

"Marsa! Marsa!" gasped Bayta, when the king's messenger delivered the king's message to him. "De king hab sen' fo' me! He cut Bayta's head off!"

"Not so, Bayta. You are my man now. If the king dares touch you, I'll kill him."

Bayta stretched his eyes wide open as he heard the bold words fall from Dick Dunn's lips. He well knew what white men's weapons could do.

"Marsa go wid Bayta?" he asked, not quite willing to take the chances of going alone before the king.

"Yes," said Dick. "I will go with you. You must never say anything except what I say, and always tell me exactly what others say. That's what I have hired you for, you know?"

"Yes, marsa, me know."

Dick then went with the old native before the king, telling him to keep cool and not be afraid of the king, or anybody else.

The old man acted on the advice, and stood up before the king as though he didn't think a monarch amounted to much after all.

The old king was so excited over the discovery that at last he could converse with the man who had saved his kingdom from an invasion by a neighboring tribe, as well as his own life, that he forgot his anger against the old Soodong native.

"Bayta!" he exclaimed, "can you talk with the white man?"

"Yes, my king," he replied, in his native tongue, of course.

"Who is he?"

"A prince of the land where the sun rises," was the artful old fellow's reply.

"Is he a prince?"

"Yes—son of the white king. He has taken me into his service."

"Where is he going?"

That was a poser. Dick had not told him where he was going, or why he came there.

"I will ask him," he said to the king, and then turning to Dick, said:

"Him want ter know whar you goin'?"

"Tell him I am going to where the sun sets, and then go back to my people, after seeing all the world."

Bayta translated it into the Samoan jargon, and the old king was well pleased with the answer.

"Tell him," said Dick, after a pause, "that I am much pleased with my reception here; that I like him and his people so much as to desire to aid him against his enemies."

Bayta repeated every word to the king, who was at once in the seventh heaven of delight. He at once ordered it to be proclaimed throughout his island kingdom that the white prince had come to aid him against his enemies.

Such dancing and shouting in the village as followed on the heels of the announcement! The natives nearly went wild with delight. They had unbounded faith in his ability to destroy all their enemies.

During the shouting that was going on around him, Dick asked Bayta about the giant who attacked the old king so savagely the night before.

"Him a prisoner—big man-eater. Samoans catch um long time ago. Him git loose an' catch king. Marsa kill um. Dat's all."

"Oh, he was a prisoner, was he?"

"Yes, marsa."

"All right. Now tell the king that I will go to my canoe and come back to-morrow. I must go and see my man there, and you must go with me."

## CHAPTER XI.

### DICK HEARS OF HIS BROTHER AND MAKES A RESOLVE.

The king could not object to his going back to his yacht, for he well knew he held life and death in his hand. Such was the terror inspired by the fire-arms he carried.

But the entire village set out to accompany him down to the sea-shore. The old king was carried on a rude conveyance on the shoulders of four men. He wanted Dick to go in the same way, but he refused. He preferred to walk.

The king's daughter, the beautiful princess whom Dick had saluted the evening before, was carried in the same way. The king's wives, however, and there were a score of them, all marched on foot.

On the way down to the sea-shore, Dick entered into a confidential chat with old Bayta.

"Have any white men been here before, Bayta?" he asked of the old interpreter.

"Two white mans come long time ago—run away from big ship—an' live on Soodong Island with wives. Black man-eater come an' take um away. See um no more."

"Great Neptune!" gasped Dick, turning almost pale at the words of the old man. "Did they eat 'em?"

"Dunno, marsa. Dey didn't hab no shoot-guns like you. 'Spec dey eat um."

Dick groaned in mental anguish.

Those two men could be no others than Jim Dunn and Bob Herkimer.

"'Run away from big ship,' " he muttered to himself, repeating the words of the old man. "It can be no other. Old Bowline was right; they were captured by these good-looking girls, and that's why they slipped off and deserted the ship. Well, men have done more foolish things. Then those black man-eaters invaded the island, swept over it like a cyclone, and carried them away as prisoners. Great Neptune! If they are alive yet, I'll find them, for I'll go among those blacks, cannibals or no cannibals! These people can fight, or they would not have had that giant as a prisoner," and he looked around at the throng of fine-looking, athletic fellows who were following him and the king to the sea-shore. "I'll teach these



fellows how to drill, and march, and fight like other military bodies, and then invade those islands and clean 'em out. If Jim is over there and alive, I'll rescue him if I have to kill every black cannibal in the South Pacific Ocean!"

When Ben Malcolm saw the great crowd of natives coming down toward the beach, the bearers of the old king in advance, he was, at first, inclined to regard it as a hostile demonstration.

"Dick has been gone two days," he said to himself. "I don't know what has become of him. He may be dead for aught I know. I don't intend to let 'em get a grip on me till I know what has become of him. Why, hang me if there isn't Dick now, as free as I am!"

"Hello, Ben!" cried Dick from the shore.

"Hello, Dick! How is it?"

"It's a fine harbor, mate," returned Dick. "We're all right. Come ashore and get acquainted with the king."

Ben was amazed.

"Are you sure of it?" he asked, still in doubt.

"Yes—come ashore."

Ben got into the little launch belonging to the yacht, and came ashore. Dick grasped his hand and whispered in Ben's ear:

"I am Prince Dunn, of the white man's land, remember, and you are my man—second in command. There's an old man here who was a pirate once, or, rather, was rescued from the pirates by a white crew, and he speaks pigeon English. I have engaged him as our interpreter. Do you understand?"

"Great whales! yes!" replied Ben, amazed at the progress Dick had made among the natives. "How did you manage it?"

"Cheek, Ben, cheek!" was the reply.

Ben laughed and said:

"Yes—yes, it must be!"

Old Bayta was introduced to him, and then he was presented to the old king.

The king received him with sincere cordiality, and then asked through old Bayta, the interpreter:

"Is that your ship?"

"It is Prince Dunn's ship," replied Ben.

"I want to see it," said the king.

"You shall go on board and sail in it."

"Yes," said Dick. "Come on board and see how we sail our ships."

The old king was rowed out to the yacht, and then Ben and Bayta raised the anchor, spread the sail, and, as there was a stiff breeze blowing, took a sail of some two or three miles.

The old king was delighted beyond measure. He told Dick that everything in his kingdom was at his disposal.

"Tell him," said Dick to Bayta, "that we will stay with him a long time, and will build a palace to live in."

"What's that for?" Ben asked in a whisper while Bayta was translating for the king.

"Jim and Bob," returned Dick, "have been captured and carried off by those black fellows we met day before yesterday. Our only hope is to organize these fellows, and go over there and fight it out with 'em."

Ben gave a prolonged whistle.

"It's a big job, mate," he said.

"So it is," returned Dick, "but I was at a military school for three years, and can give these fellows a few points that'll enable them to clear out those black rascals and not half try."

"Great whales!" exclaimed Ben, amazed at the breadth of Dick's aspirations.

"It's the only way we can get at Jim and Bob, if they are still alive."

"Yes, I 'spose so."

When the yacht returned with the old king, the natives were jubilant over the honor that had been paid him. They made the welkin ring with their shouts.

Old Bayta was at once raised several pegs higher in their esteem, because he could talk with Prince Dunn, and was to be near his person all the time.

The king was landed, and then Dick turned to Ben with:

"Mate, we must see if we can't find a harbor where the yacht will be safe in case of storms."

"Yes—she would be beached here as sure as fate," remarked Ben.

He then said to Bayta:

"Tell the king to go back to the village; that we will sail around the island, and see him again to-morrow."

Bayta did so, and the old king at once ordered his bearers to take him up and carry him back to the village. Dick and Ben saluted him as he started off, and then struck out, with all sails set, to circumnavigate the island.

They wanted to find a harbor where the yacht would be safe, and where they could persuade the old king to take up his residence.

They found the island larger than they expected—being some forty miles in circumference. It was a garden of rich tropical flowers and fruits. To our heroes it seemed like a paradise. One could live all the year round without work, with no shelter other than the shade of the trees.

"I don't wonder that Jim and Bob made up their minds to live and die here," said Dick, as he gazed on the lovely scene before him.

"Nor I," remarked Ben. "No more hard work for one here."

"There's an inlet," said Dick. "Maybe it's a harbor."

They turned a bold headland, and entered a small harbor that was almost completely land-locked.

## CHAPTER XII.

### DICK WINS A SEA FIGHT.

The inlet was the mouth of a large creek that flowed from the heart of the island and emptied into the ocean at that point. It was deep enough for the largest ships, and wide enough for a dozen to ride at anchor with the greatest ease.

"Great Neptune!" exclaimed Dick, as he gazed around at the harbor. "This is as pretty a little harbor as I ever saw. Up on that bluff there we can see for miles out at sea, and the yacht can ride safely here."

"Yes," said Ben, "and it's just the place we want."

They left the yacht at anchor and got into the launch.

"Now we'll go up the creek and see how it lies," said Dick. "Every native on the island is with the king. There'll be no danger in leaving the yacht for an hour or so."

Bayta agreed with them, and all three then pushed off up the creek, going a couple of miles, where they were stopped by a beautiful falls. The creek poured over a shelving rock some fifty feet or more.

"This is as far as we can go," said Dick. "We had better return to the yacht, and continue our trip around the island."

They returned and found that no one had been about, and resumed the trip by sea.

Some twenty miles farther they came in sight of a large number of war canoes in the distance. Bayta gazed at them with the greatest interest. His manner betrayed inward uneasiness.

"Them Nonga mans," he said. "Bad mans. They go to war with King Odama, an' run him off island."

"Is that your king—Odama?"

"Yes, him name Odama."

"Are those Nongas going for him now, do you think?"



"Yes—Nonga mans coming—heap many canoes."

"Well, we'll go out and meet 'em," said Dick, "and show 'em what white men can do."

Bayta shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman, but said nothing.

Ben brought up the five double-barreled shot-guns, and double shotted them with buckshot.

"These'll make 'em sick," he said, as he handled the guns.

"Yes," said Dick, "and we'll give 'em a good dose this time."

They sailed for the foremost canoe, which was nearly a quarter of a mile in advance of the others.

A stiff breeze soon carried the yacht within hailing distance of the leading canoe.

"Do they understand your tongue, Bayta?" Dick asked of the old Samoan.

"Yes, marsa, dey know."

"Ask 'em where they are going."

Bayta hailed them and put the question.

"After Odama!" was the bold reply.

"Tell them that Prince Dunn, Odama's friend, is here, and orders them to return."

Bayta did so. But the Nongas only laughed at him. There were a score of canoes, each containing sixty fighting men.

What had they to fear?

Odama would be taken by surprise, and could make no resistance.

Without any further parley Dick and Ben opened fire on the crowded canoe with buckshot.

Bang! bang!

Bang! bang!

Howls and yells of terror burst from the wounded and dying. Probably every man in the canoe was hit. The wounded plunged into the sea, and started to swim to the nearest boat.

The guns were quickly reloaded, and the next one was attacked.

Bang! bang! bang! bang! bang! bang!

Six shots were given, and the canoe was emptied in almost as many seconds. The killed and very badly wounded sank down into the canoe; those slightly wounded or unhurt sprang into the sea, where they were instantly attacked by the sharks.

The prompt destruction of the crews of two canoes right in sight, and by such strange weapons, had a demoralizing effect on the others. They turned and pulled the other way with all their might.

"There they go!" cried Ben. "There they go! We have whipped 'em again!"

Bayta gave several throat-splitting yells that might have been heard five miles away. The Nongas recognized it as a true Samoan yell, and returned it like so many fierce tigers. Bayta yelled again and again, saying something that was particularly aggravating to the fierce invaders, for they turned again and made for the yacht.

"Dey come again, marsa," said Bayta, "Nonga man's mad now."

"Let 'em come," said Dick.

"Yes—we'll give 'em another dose of buckshot," said Ben, reloading three of the guns.

"Give 'em a raking fire on that side, Ben," said Dick, "and I'll take care of this one over here."

Bang! bang!

Bang! bang!

The crews of the two canoes were frightfully raked. The superstitious wretches could not stand it. Many plunged into the sea, while others pulled away with all their might, not getting near enough to throw their javelins.

Old Bayta yelled with frantic delight.

The Nongas did not respond. They were too much demoralized.

A distant roar came over from the island.

Looking back through his glass, Dick saw that the old king, Odama, and half the population of the island, had been witnesses to his victory.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### DICK BUILDS A HOUSE AND LEARNS THE LANGUAGE.

Dick took no prisoners.

Those of the Nongas who sprang overboard were quickly gobbled by the sharks. The others got away by dint of hard rowing.

He was disappointed.

He wanted to make inquiry as to whether any white men were living on their islands.

The Nongas were too numerous and fierce for him to undertake to invade their island homes with his one yacht. He made up his mind to organize the Samoans, so as to enable them to overcome their enemies in battle, and thus subdue the Nongas.

Seeing the whole population of the island on the hill-tops watching his movements, he turned and resumed the circumnavigation of it. The natives, however, did not retire to their villages, as they were too much excited to cease their watch of the actions of their wonderful ally.

Fruit was abundant everywhere on the island. They could get as good a meal at one place as at another, and as for shelter, the climate did not compel them to seek one anywhere. So they kept going around to the highest points on the island, whence they could keep the yacht of Prince Dunn in sight all the time.

The sun went down, and Dick kept on his way, determined to go back to the little harbor he had discovered on the west side of the island.

"If a storm should suddenly arise," he said to Ben, "we would be safe there."

"Yes," said Ben, "it's land-locked, and as safe a little harbor as we could want."

They reached the little harbor at nine o'clock, and cast anchor within fifty yards of the shore. They intended to remain on board all night, but in less than an hour after their arrival several hundred natives were congregated on the shore, singing and dancing. A wild sense of security seemed to have come over them, and they were as happy as babes with plenty of milk.

"Let's go on shore and talk with them, mate," said Dick.

"Agreed."

They all three entered the launch, and in a few minutes were on shore, in the midst of several hundred natives.

They were received with demonstrations of joy.

Bayta said their song was in the praise of Prince Dunn's great sea fight and victory over the Nongas. Dick saw how grateful they were, for they prostrated themselves before him several times.

At last Dick and Ben concluded to go on board again, with Bayta, and sleep there till sunrise. The natives slept under the trees on the shore, and at daybreak commenced gathering fruit for breakfast. They brought enough to the yacht to feed at least fifty men. Dick and Ben selected as much as they wanted, and turned the rest over to the natives, who ate as heartily as so many pigs.

After sunrise Dick went up on the bluff that overlooked the harbor, and found a level plateau stretching back from the water. Huge trees dotted the plain till it seemed one immense grove of shade trees.



"This is the place," he said, as he looked around and out to sea, "for the village of the king. Here one can look out upon the sea and enjoy the delicious sea-breeze, and have a commanding view of half the island. I'll locate here and see if I can't induce the old king to do so too."

The natives commenced coming a little after sunrise. Before noon the old king and his whole household were there.

Dick greeted him as a brother king, and was recognized as such in turn.

"With the permission of your majesty," he said, old Bayta interpreting for him, "I will build me a house here."

"Yes," said the delighted old king. "Build a big house and fill it with wives. You can have as many as you want."

Dick smiled, and suggested to the old king to move his village there.

"It shall be done," and turning to several of his officers, the old king gave orders for the whole village to be moved to the bluff.

The village was seven miles away, yet in three days every vestige of it had been moved to the sea-shore, and the huts of grass put up.

In the meantime Dick and Ben got out their axes, saws and tool-chest, and began work on their own house. The natives were astounded at the tools and the manner of their use. The saws made them fairly dance with amazement. They could not comprehend how any instrument that was not sharp like a knife could cut so smoothly through the hardest wood.

They cut down small trees and built a very solid log cabin, or house, of four rooms, made doors and windows, and had it so strong that it was like a small fort.

"We don't know what might happen," said Dick to Ben, "and in case of trouble we can defend this hut against a thousand men."

The old king was amazed at the house.

"The wind cannot blow it away," he said.

Bayta told Dick that hurricanes often came and carried away every hut in the villages.

"The grass huts never kill anybody," he said, in his pigeon English. "That's why we use grass."

"It won't blow my house away," said Dick.

At the end of a month, during which time the house was going up, the natives could use the axes as well as the two whites, and took special delight in aiding Dick and Ben in their work.

At last the house was completed, and Dick took possession of it. He moved all the stores from the yacht and stored them in a cellar under the hut. The arms and ammunition were placed in a secure corner, and then the work was done. They had made chairs, tables and bedsteads, and when the natives saw their uses, they were crazy to have similar ones for themselves.

During the progress of the work, Dick and Ben picked up as much of the native language as Bayta had mastered of the English tongue.

So great was the curiosity of the natives of the other islands to see the great white prince, that they came in thousands to see him.

Dick feared they would eat all the fruit on the island, and therefore requested King Odama to order them to return and stay in their homes, and that the white prince would visit their islands.

That had the desired effect, for those simple-hearted natives never dreamed of disobeying their old king.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### DICK DRILLS THE SAMOANS.

One day Dick told the old king that he would organize his warriors so they could defeat their enemies in battle with the greatest ease.

Odama had been so often defeated by the Nongas, the hereditary enemies of his people, that the idea of being able to return the damage filled his heart with joy.

He at once appointed Dick the head chief of all his warriors, ordering all to obey him.

"Now," said Dick to his companion, "I can use my knowledge of military tactics acquired at the military school. I'll organize and drill these natives, and then clean out those black fellows over on those islands south of us. Jim and Bob are

down there somewhere. If not living, I'll avenge them fearfully."

He caused Bayta to select one hundred of the best warriors, and bring them to him, with their weapons. They came promptly.

Dick examined their weapons. They consisted of a javelin or spear, which they sometimes threw at their foes in battle, and also used bayonet fashion. Then they had a war club for close combat, which he thought was very well for individual use, but not of much use in a collective sense.

"Where do your people get them?" he asked of one of the chiefs.

"Make them," was the reply. "Every man makes his own arms."

"Very good. Now what kind do the Nongas use?"

"Same kind."

"All right, then. I want one hundred men to go to work making these javelins just twice as long."

The men were selected and put to work gathering and seasoning the hard wood. The javelins were like iron almost, being made of what is known as ironwood, which is susceptible of a very fine polish.

Then Dick took the men and divided them into squads of ten. He taught them how to march in columns, wheel and keep step, going through the whole series of drill tactics.

They were delighted, and proved to be the most apt pupils he had ever seen. No machine ever moved with more precision than they did at the end of a week, by which time the long lances were ready for them. Then he drilled them in the use of the lance—bayonet fashion—how to charge in solid phalanx, repel charges, and move, like a huge machine, at a word of command.

Rude and untutored as they were, the natives saw the immense advantages of the system. The natives of all the South Pacific islands fought alike. They went in gangs, every man fighting in his own way, without any regard to the rest of his friends. Now ten men could withstand the assault of five times that number, for they were like a machine, having force, weight and method all combined in one.

Men were placed three rows deep, with their spears projecting in front, making a wall of sharp-pointed weapons that nothing could withstand. Dick had given every word of command in English, and they had learned the full meaning of each.

When satisfied that the one hundred men were thoroughly drilled, he made them officers and set each man to drilling a squad of ten men—one thousand in all.

"I'll soon have an army of one thousand men," he said to Ben, "and every soldier in it will be ready to die for me. We'll make those black rascals sick of coming over here to raid these islands."

While this drilling was going on, Dick and old Bayta organized ten men to use the shot-guns, rifles and revolvers. These were to form the body-guard, to be always on duty around Prince Dunn. They were a long time overcoming their fear of fire-arms, but did so at last, and Dick came to the conclusion that they were as brave soldiers as ever lived.

Another month passed, and the one thousand men were drilled in one body. Both Dick and Ben were amazed at the proficiency they displayed. The enthusiasm of the men was at the highest pitch, and never were soldiers more eager to get into a fight with an enemy.

At each drill all the young women were present as spectators. They regarded the soldiers as heroes already, and smiled upon them only as girls know how to smile. The old king's daughter, the Princess Natigoo, seemed to worship the ground whereupon Dick Dunn had walked. She followed him with her eyes wherever he went, and never was so happy as when he spoke to her in his imperfect knowledge of her native tongue.

"Natigoo's heart is glad when she sees the great white prince," she said to him one day, as she stood by his side gazing out to sea.

"And Natigoo's eyes are sunshine to me," said he, squeezing her hand. "I will make her father the great king of all the islands of the sea. Natigoo will then be the greatest princess of the sea."

"She will not be happy even then," she said, "unless the great white prince smiles upon her as he does now."

"Is Natigoo happy now?"

"Yes, for you are with her. Her heart leaps for joy when you speak to her."

Just then one of the sentinels whom Dick had posted at different points on the island, came running up, out of breath, and said that the Nongas were coming in their canoes.

The sentinel had run seven or eight miles at the top of his



speed, and fell exhausted at Dick's feet, after telling his story.

Dick ran to his hut and procured a bottle of brandy, with which he returned to the poor fellow. Pouring a pretty good drink down his throat, he ordered his body-guard to take him up and carry him into the large grass house that had been built as a general hospital for the military, and put him to bed, with two female nurses to watch over him.

"Ben," he said, "call the men to arms."

Ben, as second in command, called the men to arms by blowing on a conch-shell. The notes were heard far and wide, and in a half hour every man was in line.

"The Nongas are coming," said Ben, as soon as the line was formed. "We will catch or kill them all. Obey your officers in everything, and the victory is ours. The king and prince expect every man to do his duty."

The king came out with the princess to ask protection.

"Stay in your house," said Dick to the old king, "and all will be well."

Then, turning to the little army, he gave the order to march.

They moved like a single machine, and with a martial bearing that evinced the confidence they felt.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A BATTLE AND A VICTORY.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! marched the one thousand and the old king gazed after them till they were out of sight. Then he turned and slowly made his way back toward his rude palace, surrounded by the body guard Ben Malcolm had organized for that purpose.

But Princess Natigoo did not return with her aged parent. She seized a lance and darted away in pursuit of the army. She soon overtook them, and, going up to Dick, astonished him by saying:

"I will stay with the great white prince."

"But you may get hurt," said Dick.

"No hurt where white prince is," was her reply.

"You must stay with me then," he said, "and not get frightened."

"I will stay with and die with you!" she exclaimed, her great black eyes flashing fire as she spoke.

Dick intended to let the enemy land, and then charge, driving them into the sea for the sharks to eat up.

Accordingly, he marched his army down to within a mile of the beach, and halted in the thicket.

The enemy landed, and finding none of the natives about, at once concluded that they had fled to conceal themselves in the hiding-places on the island.

They marched up the hill, intending to attack the village and capture old King Odama. Dick let them get half-way up, and then marched out to meet them in regular line of battle.

The Nongas were, individually, better fighters than the Samoans, and the moment they came in sight of them, gave a yell and charged.

But they were greatly surprised at not seeing the Samoans fly before them as usual. Instead of that, they beheld a solid phalanx bearing down upon them with long javelins set in a bristling line. They boldly met them, however, but were borne back like chaff. The solid line pressed forward. Hundreds of Nongas were pierced through by the long lances, and the others retreated down the slope.

"Steady, men!" cried Dick.

"Steady, men!" cried the princess, animated by the scene, without knowing the meaning of the words she uttered.

The line swept ahead and the astonished Nongas retreated, trying desperately, however, to break the column.

At last Dick swung a column of two hundred men round on the left, and drove the enemy to the beach several hundred yards below the point where their canoes lay.

The defeated Nongas saw the trap, but not in time to escape falling into it.

Dick sent Ben, at the head of a company of one hundred men, to capture the canoes. Only two men each had been left in charge of the canoes, and they were disposed of so quickly that they were not able to understand just how things were going.

Then came the tug of war on the beach, where Dick had drawn a line of bristling lance-points around the black-skinned invaders. The Nongas, dismayed at the sudden superiority of the Samoans in warfare, fought with the energy of despair.

But they fought as individuals and without concert of action. Whichever way they turned they found implacable foes. Behind them was the sea, in which were an army of man-eating sharks, ready to rend them in pieces the moment they entered the water. Before them was a wall of lance-points they could not scale or break through.

They howled, they threw their javelins, threw their war-clubs, themselves on the ground, and hacked at the feet of the Samoans. But the steady, onward charge was not stemmed for a moment.

"Steady, men!" cried Dick. "Run 'em into the sea."

Then, to create a still worse panic, he gave the order to his gun squad to fire.

The merciless discharge of buckshot into that writhing mass of naked savages ended the fight. It sent a panic through their ranks, and the last of them, with yells of terror, plunged into the sea and attempted to swim beyond the reach of danger.

Then followed a scene that beggars description.

The sharks, always hungry for a meal—those fierce tigers of the sea—commenced their work of destruction. They came by the hundred, and in a few minutes the water was crimsoned with Nonga blood.

The defeat of the expedition was complete. The entire force was destroyed. Not a prisoner was taken except a few wounded, who were too much hurt to either run into the sea or to continue the fight. These the Samoans were about to dispatch, when Dick ordered them to desist.

The victors were jubilant.

While they yelled themselves hoarse they kept in line, awaiting the order of Prince Dunn.

Princess Natigoo was so overjoyed that she ran to Dick and threw herself at his feet.

"No! no!" cried Dick, raising her to her feet. "The princess must receive congratulations, not me. Your people can now conquer all their enemies. You will be a queen over a mighty nation."

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him in the presence of the whole line.

He returned the caress, and, taking her hand in his, led her before the little army, saying:

"Behold the daughter of your king! Her heart is glad to-day, and her blessing rests upon you for your gallant conduct."

Dick had taught them how to cheer, and they made the welkin ring with their shouts. They loved the beautiful princess for her many kindnesses, but particularly on account of her partiality for Prince Dunn.

Dick ordered every javelin and war-club that the enemy had left to be picked up as trophies of the battle, and carried back to the village. The dead were thrown into the sea for the sharks to dispose of, and the wounded placed in a canoe and told to return to their people with the story of their defeat.

But before sending them back Dick made old Bayta, who had commanded one hundred men in the fight, to inquire of them whether there were any white men on the Nonga Islands. They said there were some on one of the islands, but how many, and what they were doing, they didn't know.

"I will soon find out," said Dick, "for I will sweep over them like a hurricane."

The wounded were then permitted to go, and they lost no time in going. Then the victors filled several canoes with captured javelins and war-clubs, and then embarked the whole force for Snug Harbor, the name he had given the little harbor where the yacht was riding at anchor.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### REJOICING.

When the victorious Samoans reached the village harbor in the captured war canoes, the whole population rushed down to the water to welcome them.

Night came on, and the old king ordered a general feast. Kids were killed, fish caught and bread-fruit gathered, while fires burned everywhere.

Several days of merry making followed, during which time the natives gave themselves up to feasting, bragging, singing and dancing. The young women arrayed themselves in all the rude finery they could get hold of, and danced and sang in honor of the victory as long as their strength permitted.

Dick went into his chest again, and brought out a quantity



of cheap jewelry, which he presented to Natigoo. The delighted princess looked every inch a native queen when she was arrayed in all her barbaric splendor, and received the homage of the people with all the dignity belonging to the position of the daughter of a king.

Old King Odama wanted Dick to invade the Nonga Islands at once. He believed in the enthusiasm of the moment that the young white prince was simply invincible, and that he had but to land his army on hostile soil to sweep every foe into the sea.

But Dick had witnessed the fighting qualities of the Nongas, and dared not push them to desperation without having a force at command that would make it absolutely safe to do so.

"No," he said to the old king. "The Nongas are fierce fighters. Let the Samoans organize and drill on all their islands, and then they will be able to conquer the Nongas."

"Be it so," replied the king. "The great prince is wise. I will do as he says."

"The king is wise, and will see the Nongas at his feet," said Dick.

The feast of the victory over, Dick prepared to pay a visit to the other islands composing the group over which Odama ruled as king.

He took ten canoes and four hundred men, leaving six hundred as a standing army under Ben Malcolm, to guard the king, the island and the yacht, and started out on a tour of inspection of the other eight islands.

The Princess Natigoo, woman-like, had her way, and accompanied the expedition, with a score of young girls of her own age as companions. Dick did not object, as he saw that she had a will of her own, and was very likely soon to reign in the place of the old king. He had caused to be made a large tent of grass matting, similar in shape to the tents of general officers of an army.

She was delighted at this, and showed her appreciation in many ways. Dick gave her a military escort, at which she was still more delighted.

On the first island they struck, the natives turned out en masse to receive and honor the white prince, as well as the daughter of their old king.

Natigoo told them that Prince Dunn was the destroyer of the hated Nongas, and the savior of the Samoans. They prostrated themselves before him, and looked upon him as one of the gods.

Dick selected a camp for the night, and pitched the tent of the princess near his own. He then held a parade of the four hundred soldiers, and put them through the tactics in order to let the natives see what it meant. The men were fired with enthusiasm at once, and wanted to join them. But he explained, through old Bayta, that they must drill daily for a month before they could join, and detailed ten men to organize and drill the male population of the island.

The next morning he passed over to another island, and went through the same ceremonies, leaving ten men to drill and organize the male population.

He spent two weeks on the trip, during which time Natigoo grew more and more demonstrative in her affection for him. She never let an opportunity pass to let him know that she was in love with him.

And he, knowing what the superstitions of her people were in regard to their kings and princesses, showed no reserve and returned her caresses freely.

On his return, having reorganized the natives, and while yet distant about three miles from the island, he was filled with anxiety at the unmistakable evidences of a coming storm.

He had read a great deal of the terrific storms that swept the South Pacific at times, and made haste to make the land ere the storm should burst upon them.

Storms make quick work in that latitude. The hurricane came with a great roar, lashing the sea to foam, and raising waves that threatened to overwhelm the very island itself.

With the first burst of the storm every canoe was tossed upon the beach as so much driftwood, and the natives fled for their lives to the hills beyond.

and there the natives dragged them still farther to save them from being dashed to pieces against the rocks and trees.

Every one escaped with a wetting. Then came the fury of the storm. The wind tore up trees by the roots and swept away every grass hut on the island.

The natives stood still as statues and took the pelting as it came. Shelter of any kind was dangerous, unless it was behind a rock that could defy the worst fury of the storm.

The little island lay right in the track of the tornado. Dick wondered how the island itself escaped being thrown bodily into the sea.

Its fury was spent in a couple of hours, and then it died away.

What a scene of desolation was presented in its wake!

"This is awful," said Dick, as he looked around and found every tree which had resisted the storm bereft of every vestige of fruit. The oranges, cocoanuts, bananas and bread-fruit were sent flying through the air into the sea. Only the yams in the ground remained. The goats lay down in places that afforded shelter and saved themselves, and the cows were too heavy for the wind to take bodily up and carry away.

The natives didn't seem to mind the storm as much as Dick did. They were more used to it.

A camp was pitched, and the army had to remain there until the sea was placid enough to enable them to continue their trip.

Grass matting was made in sufficient quantities in a few days to make a hut for every family in the island.

The expedition returned to the capital, and found that the storm had not touched there at all.

"How have things been, Ben?" Dick asked of his mate, on landing.

"Very quiet," was the reply; "but the old king is very sick."

"The deuce! What's the matter with him?"

"Don't know. He has a high fever, and doesn't know any one."

"That's bad for one of his age. I must tell Natigoo of it."

Dick hastened to the princess and said:

"Princess, your father, the king, is very sick."

She seemed distressed, and said something in a quick, rapid speech to her females, and all set off in a run for the village.

Dick hastened forward also, and entered the palace of the old king only a few minutes behind them.

He found the old king in a consuming fever, and out of his head. Natigoo sat by his side weeping and wringing her hands, while the old medicine man worked charms and fetiches.

She turned to Dick and asked through her tears:

"Will he live?"

Dick shook his head.

Something told him the old man would die.

He was very old.

"No," said Dick; "the good king has seen the deliverance of his people, and now he will go."

His words had a wonderful effect on her. She sprang to her feet and cried out that the fetich man must cease working the charms.

The fetich man stopped and came and stood over the dying king. He muttered something in an undertone, and then the women commenced singing and dancing, as if in great joy.

Dick could not understand it at first, until old Bayta informed him that when it was known that the time for one to die had come, his friends and relatives made merry if his or her life mission had been fully accomplished.

He understood then.

Bayta told him that it had been said when Odama was a young king that his reign would witness the overthrow of the Nongas, after which he would die.

The Samoans believed that the Nongas had been overthrown, and that now the old king was dying happily.

Couriers were sent out to all the chiefs on the nine islands that the king was dying. That meant for them to repair at once to headquarters.

The king lingered unconscious until midnight, when he breathed his last.

Then there was a terrible outcry among the women.

It was the custom for them to do the wailing over the death of any member of the tribe.

The body was at once prepared for burial, and at sunrise it was consigned to mother earth with military honors.

Prince Dunn appeared as a mourner, and stood a sword on the mound, the point sticking a foot in the earth.

The natives regarded it with awe and superstition, and it was never touched afterward.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE OLD KING DIES—DICK DUNN HAILED AS KING.

The storm burst upon them with a fierceness that astounded Dick Dunn. The waves sent the canoes high upon the land,



After the funeral the chiefs of the tribe assembled to elect a husband for the princess, for it was a custom of the Samoans that no woman could reign over them alone. She must have a husband, who must be king to her queen.

They selected Ungadi, a tall, handsome young chief from one of the lower islands, and he hastened to the palace to claim her as his wife.

To his surprise, Natigoo flew into a rage and refused to wed him. She drove him out of the palace, and he went back to the council of chiefs.

It was a law that if the princess refused to marry the king-elect she forfeited her right to the kingdom, and became no more than any other woman of the tribe.

The chiefs, therefore, decreed her deposal, and sent Ungadi to take possession of the king's property. The newly elected king went there, accompanied by a band of his followers, and removed the princess and her women by main force.

During this performance Dick and Ben, surrounded by the body-guard, remained at the house on the brow of the bluff, awaiting developments.

Suddenly they were startled at seeing Natigoo running toward the house, followed by all her females.

"Oh, Prince Dunn!" she cried, throwing herself at his feet. "Save me! Save my kingdom!"

"I will defend you with my life, princess," said Dick, raising her to her feet. "Tell me what the trouble is."

She promptly told him what the assembled chiefs had done, and staggered him with:

"I will have no husband but you! I won't have Ungadi. You shall be my king, or I will die and sleep with my father!"

"Great whales, mate!" exclaimed Ben Malcolm, "marry her and be king of the tribe."

Dick looked at Ben in profound silence for a minute or two, and then at the beautiful princess. She was gazing upon him as if her whole soul was wrapped up in him.

"Do you really want to be my wife, Natigoo?" he asked.

She sprang into his arms and cried:

"Yes. Kingdom or no kingdom—I will be your wife!"

"Then you shall have a husband as well as a kingdom. Summon the army to parade, Ben, and hold them well in hand. Send for the old fetch, Natigoo."

"He will not come," she said. "Ungadi is king."

"I will see about that," said Dick.

In ten minutes the army, nearly nine hundred strong, was drawn up in front of the prince's house.

Dick took Natigoo by the hand and led her out in full view of them. She then and there told them of her love for Prince Dunn, and how she had chosen him for her husband and king. The soldiers cheered wildly, and hailed Dick as king.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### QUELLING AN INCIPIENT REBELLION.

When the cheering ceased, Dick went through the ceremony of espousing Natigoo in the presence of the army.

The wild cheering of the soldiers caused the council of chiefs to break up and rush out to see what occasioned it.

They were astounded at the news.

Natigoo had married Prince Dunn, and the army had proclaimed him king.

The majority of the chiefs at once acquiesced, for they knew that the white king would lead them to success in everything they undertook. They believed him all-powerful, and dreamed of extended conquests among the neighboring islands.

But Ungadi fiercely claimed that he was king, and would be king. Two powerful chiefs supported his claim, and drew out their followers from their respective islands for a fight.

Dick sent Bayta to talk with the chiefs.

Not being a chief himself, they threatened to kill him, and he had to fly for his life.

The excitement ran high, and Dick looked grave.

"There'll be a fight," he said, turning to Natigoo, who was as happy as ever a bride could be.

"Yes," she replied. "Ungadi fight. King Dunn will kill him and give him to the sharks."

Dick didn't want to do that.

He sent for all the chiefs to meet him in a council.

Ungadi and his two brother chiefs refused to attend, but gathered their followers and marched down to the beach to return to their island homes.

"If they go back in their present frame of mind," said Dick,

"they'll foment a rebellion and split the tribe. Ben, take three hundred men and arrest them. Bring them to the council, and we'll have this thing settled at once. If I am to be king, I will reign over a united people, small as the kingdom is."

Ben selected three companies and marched down to the beach in time to prevent the three disgruntled chiefs from embarking.

But the angry chiefs precipitated a fight by making a furious onslaught on Ben himself, who only saved himself by shooting Ungadi through the heart and ordering his men to charge.

The disciplined lancers charged with demoniacal yells, and quickly swept the mob into the water, and in a few minutes the voracious sharks were feasting on them.

"Great whales!" cried Ben in horrified amazement. "Dick sent me to arrest the chiefs and bring them before him, and now they are dead. These fellows would slaughter their own people as quickly as they would the Nongas, their old hereditary enemies."

Ben was quite well versed in the native tongue, and told his officers how sorry he was that fraternal relations had been disturbed.

"Samoans must not fight each other," he said, "when it was possible to avoid it."

He then marched back to the palace, and Ben made his report to Dick.

"Ungadi and the other two chiefs resisted," he said, "and their followers attacked us. I ordered a charge and in just two minutes the whole band was swept away into the sea. The sharks ended the fight by eating up every one of them."

"Great Neptune, mate!" said Dick, shaking his head. "I'm sorry for that. I fear it will cause no little trouble among the followers of these chiefs."

"It couldn't be helped," replied Ben. "I was surprised at the suddenness of it myself, and told the men that I was sorry it had happened. The soldiers didn't seem to mind it, though, and would kill every woman and child on the island if you were to tell them to do so. They are mere machines to be moved at will."

"Which shows that they will make good soldiers," remarked Dick.

The other chiefs seemed to think that there was no other way to deal with the refractory chiefs, who would have returned home and raised the standard of revolt. There would be no trouble now, and the white king would rule over a united people.

Natigoo was perfectly frantic in her joy over the success of her scheme to marry the man she loved and still retain her royal position. She sang and danced all through the palace all day long, while her maids prepared the bridal chamber in accordance with the custom of royal marriages. She ran up and kissed her husband-king a dozen times, and said:

"Natigoo is so happy; her heart sings all the time. She loves her king with all her heart."

"The king loves his queen like a king should," replied Dick, "and will make her happy."

A grand feast of a week followed the wedding, and then things resumed their usual status.

Dick removed the grass-mat palace, and set it up again as an addition to his strong four roomed log house. He was not willing to sleep in a house that would afford no protection from foes who desired to murder him in his sleep, or from the fierce storms that sometimes swept over the island.

Natigoo preferred the house also, and so was pleased at the change.

One day Dick and Ben were alone together.

"I am king, mate," said Dick, "and am going to try and make a name in the South Pacific. If I could find my brother Jim, now, his knowledge of these people would be of great service to me."

"I am going to conquer the Nongas in order to put a stop to their frequent invasions of these islands, as well as to release my brother, if he is still alive. I will make you second in command, and see that you have a chance to make your fortune also. Stand by me and I will stand by you."

"I'll do that always, mate," said Ben, grasping his hand. "I never go back on a mate."

"You had better build yourself a house now, and take a wife, as I have done. I don't care to go back to America as long as I am king here."

"That's me, mate. I know a girl here, one of the princess' cousins, that will suit me. She's a stunner."

"Take her and keep house in a manner befitting your position as commander of the army."

Ben went to work, aided by details from the army, and soon built a nice house of logs and grass matting. Then he selected his wife, who was overjoyed at her good fortune, and had a



wedding-feast but little less brilliant than that of the king himself.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE YOUNG KING INVADES THE NONGA ISLANDS AND WINS A BATTLE.

Three months after he became king, Dick Dunn began to make preparations to invade the Nonga Islands in search of his brother. He had been so happy with his royal wife that he had not cared to devote himself to public affairs any sooner. His bride was affectionate, sweet-tempered and madly in love with him.

But now, after his men had been for three months drilling the male population of the several islands of the Samoan group, he decided to mass his army and make a descent on the most populous of the Nonga Islands, and avenge, in one crushing blow, all the wrongs of the past.

Accordingly he sent out couriers to number the drilled men and bring him full reports.

This was promptly done, and he was amazed at the enormous strength he had developed. There were over ten thousand drilled men on the nine islands, and they were eager for war. There were canoes enough to carry them.

The young king therefore gave orders for just one-half the troops to rendezvous on the Capital Islands; the other half to remain as a standing army to protect their homes from incursions.

That occasioned trouble, for all wanted to go, and the spirit of insubordination made its appearance for the first time. The young king was firm, however, and threatened to punish mutiny with death, and the disturbance subsided.

The force amounted to 5,000 men when assembled, the largest armed force ever seen on any of those islands.

Dick put them through a general parade, and found that they had been well drilled, and that their confidence in him was unbounded.

Then he divided the force into three divisions. The first, commanded by himself, consisted of 2,500 men; the second, commanded by Ben Malcolm, 1,250 men, and the third, commanded by old Bayta, 1,250 men. Bayta had turned out a splendid drill-master, who knew how to handle his men.

The native chiefs commanded regiments in the divisions.

Everything being in readiness, the young king ordered them to embark at midnight, at which time Natigoo and her household accompanied him down to the water to bid him good-by.

At a signal, nearly one hundred canoes started southward. Each one carried between fifty and sixty men and twenty oars each. Each soldier carried a war-club and a lance from ten to twelve feet in length, with points as sharp as needles.

The sea was smooth as glass, and the canoes made good time.

Daylight found them within a mile of the largest of the Nonga Islands.

The young king selected a landing-place, and ordered his troops to disembark.

They did so, forming in perfect order as soon as they landed.

Five men to each canoe were detailed as a guard. The others were to be the active fighting force.

Sunrise found them all under arms on the level plain at that end of the island.

A foraging force was sent out for food, and in an hour a fine breakfast for the whole army was obtained.

Of course they were seen by the natives, and the news of the invasion spread quickly from one end of the island to the other.

The fierce Nongas assembled by thousands. Their king was a fierce old warrior, who, by noon, had a large force at his back. He sent a herald to the king of Samoa, asking what he wanted.

"Tell your king," said Dick, "that I want him to give up all the white prisoners he has in his kingdom."

"King Mattahoi says he will not give up his white prisoners, and orders the white king to leave at once."

Several messages passed between them. Dick began to suspect that Mattahoi was dallying to gain time, for reinforcements to come in from other islands. Accordingly he gave the order to attack.

The Samoans moved forward with a yell.

The Nongas met them half way, and a fiercely contested struggle ensued. They circled around the Samoans, vainly trying to break their ranks. Dick formed them into squares three deep, and presented on all sides an unbroken wall of sharp lance points.

The shouts of the combatants, mingled with howls of rage and pain, beggars description. Hundreds of Nongas went down to rise no more.

"Charge!" cried the young king from the centre of the square, and the terrible machine moved forward, sweeping everything before it. Nothing could withstand their resistless charge, and the Nongas fled before it in terror, leaving fully five hundred of their number weltering in blood on the plain.

Shouts of victory went up from the victors. They were exultant, and hailed their young king as the savior of their people.

The Nongas retired to the hills to recuperate.

Their defeat was a new experience to them.

They had heretofore despised the Samoans as enemies.

Dick lost seven killed and about forty wounded.

Knowing that he would have a yet harder battle to fight, he concluded to encamp there and wait for it. Another defeat would so demoralize the enemy as to make a march through the island an easy thing.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

During the afternoon the dead of both armies were thrown to the sharks, that being a quicker and cheaper mode of burial.

Then a foraging force was sent out for food, which returned with enough for two days.

"Ben," said Dick to his comrade, "that was a big fight, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Ben, "it was a hard-fought battle. The victory would make your reputation in Europe or America."

"Yes, I think so myself. But we'll have a harder fight tomorrow or next day. Mattahoi will gather his entire strength to overwhelm us. Only one-half our force was engaged today."

"True, but that was all-sufficient."

"So it was, but next time you must support me by going round on their left and charging like a thunderbolt. Bayta must turn their right. Our men must sleep on their arms—one-half at a time—to prevent a surprise."

Every means was taken to prevent a surprise, after which one-half of the army was allowed to lie down and sleep.

The Nongas made the night hideous with their yells. Reinforcements kept pouring in every hour from the other islands, and morning found the fierce Mattahoi with nearly ten thousand men at his back.

He believed that now he could drive the young white king into the sea, and was more haughty and arrogant than ever.

At sunrise he ordered a grand charge of all his savage horde. They came rushing down upon the plain like a black wave, threatening to overwhelm the little army drawn up to receive them.

Dick was prepared for them.

His centre met them like a stone wall, and held them in check.

Bayta swung round on their right, Ben turned their left, and then the young king ordered his body-guard to open on them with their fire-arms.

A rain of lead, together with the noise and smell of burnt powder, caused a panic.

Hemmed in on three sides, the Nongas were at the mercy of their disciplined foes.

The battle became a slaughter.

The Nongas fled.

The Samoans pursued and lanced without mercy.

A general advance was made, and swept everything away.

Mattahoi and five of his chiefs were captured.

They were brought before the young king.

Bayta was sent for to act as interpreter.

Mattahoi was sullen and would not open his mouth.

"Tell him if he will give up all the white people in his kingdom I will give him his freedom," said Dick to Bayta.

Still he remained sullen and dogged.

"Tell him if he does not, I will destroy his kingdom and make a slave of him."

Even that threat had no effect on him.

"He's a hard case," remarked Dick. "Ask some of the other prisoners if there are any white men on the island."

One of the Nonga chiefs said there were none on that island, but that there were two on the island to the south of that one.

"I will hold the king as a hostage for their safe delivery to me," he said.



One of the chiefs said that he would bring them to him if he would release the king and retire from the island with his army.

"Bring me the two men and I'll do it," said Dick very promptly, and he ordered Bayta to let him go.

The chief left, and the captive king was placed under a strong guard to be held until the two white men were produced.

The advance of the army was not checked, however. The young king pushed on till he reached Mattahoi's village, which he had searched for valuables. He had heard that Mattahoi was rich in fine pearls, which his people secured in the waters on the southern coast of his kingdom. To his surprise he found the report to be true. Nearly a bushel of the finest pearls he had ever seen were found and brought to him.

Then he ordered the village to be burnt—as they always burnt the villages of the Samoans.

Mattahoi raved like a madman, and attacked his guards, when he beheld the destruction of his village.

The guard overpowered and bound him hands and feet, and laid him on his back.

To all Dick's questions about the white men in his kingdom he would make no reply.

Three days passed, and still the chief did not show up with the white prisoners.

On the contrary, Dick saw that the Nongas were preparing for another battle.

He sent out scouts and caught a few natives. From them it was ascertained that the Nongas were led by two white men, whom the Nongas expected to lead them to victory.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE YOUNG KING IN BATTLE STRINGS FOUR MEN ON A LANCE.

To say that the young king was surprised when he heard that two white men were in command of the war-like Nongas would be but a mild expression. He was thunderstruck.

"Who are they?" he asked himself a dozen times that night. "It can't be that they have any white allies, for Mattahoi is not the man to give any white man a chance. I don't like this news. If they have any fire-arms I don't know whether our men will stand up before them. Whoever they are, they were not in the two battles the other day. Hanged if I don't doubt the correctness of this story. I'll see if we can't get a little more definite information about it."

He sent for Bayta, and ordered him to send out a company, under one of the Samoan chiefs, to capture some Nonga natives and bring them in.

The order was obeyed, and several hours passed ere the detachment was heard from again. The Nongas had attacked it so fiercely, and in such numbers, as to force it to retreat. So it returned without a single prisoner.

Dick was troubled.

The Nongas were plucky, and brimful of fight.

Defeat meant the destruction of himself and his whole army.

The Nongas were massing their forces, on the other side of the island, on a level plain.

The young king resolved to march against them without delay.

Accordingly he put his army in motion at daylight.

His men were brimful of fight, and eager to meet the enemy.

On a hill overlooking the plain, Dick halted and used his spy-glass to discover what was new in the enemy's camp.

He discovered some little semblance of order, but no fire-arms—nothing but javelins and war-clubs.

At last he caught sight of one white man. He recognized him as a white man by his beard, notwithstanding he was dressed as a native.

"We have nothing to fear from them," he said to Ben. "Let our men charge them. There's an immense crowd of them, but they have no organization—no discipline."

The two armies came together in a tremendous clash.

The Samoans were cool and steady, obeying every order with the regularity of old veterans. They had been told that their safety depended upon it, and were, therefore, very careful.

The Nongas had evidently agreed upon a plan of battle. It was to surround the Samoans, and fight them on four sides at once.

It was a good plan, but the tactics of the young king defeated it.

Throwing the first division into a hollow square three lines deep, he presented a firm front on every side.

Then the second division, under Ben Malcolm, charged, and broke the enemy's line of attack, and the third division, under Bayta, did the same thing, driving the enemy before him.

The young king saw one of the white leaders of the Nongas in the very thickest of the fight, performing prodigies of valor.

"Let me get at him!" cried Dick, drawing his sword and rushing from his position in the centre of the square to the line.

The Samoans cheered as they saw him plunge into the fight. The enemy recognized him, and hurled javelins at him. His clothes were pierced in several places, without his receiving any injury. But he saw that to get near enough to use his sword would be to get a score of javelins run through him. So he seized a long lance from one of his men and made a desperate charge, running a man through the body six or seven feet. Then he released his hold on the lance and seized another.

"Where is the Nongas' white man?" he cried. "I challenge him to fight me!"

He ran the second lance six or seven times into the writhing, struggling mass of humanity, and ordered a charge.

The Samoans sprang forward with wild yells, and strewed the ground with dead and dying. All three divisions charged at once, and the Nongas were swept from the plain.

The slaughter was terrible.

The spirit of the Nongas was broken.

Old Mattahoi tried to kill himself when he saw his kingdom crushed by this terrible blow. He would have succeeded but for the interference of the guards. They prevented him from doing himself any harm and bound him again.

The young king ordered a relentless pursuit of the Nongas, giving orders for the capture of all the males.

Two divisions kept up the pursuit. The other one returned to the canoes in order to insure their protection.

Several thousand Nongas escaped to the island south of them, canoes being convenient for that purpose. Still, over five hundred prisoners were captured, who were doomed to slavery on the Samoan Islands.

The women and children hid in the woods, and were found in every direction. They crawled on the ground and begged piteously for their lives whenever found.

The young king had forbidden any harm being done to the women or children. They soon found that out, and came forth by thousands, and did an awful amount of wailing over the dead Nongas that strewed the ground where the battle was fought.

Bayta's division had been detailed to bury the dead, and they made short work of it by throwing them to the sharks.

When they reached the place where the young king had seized a lance and rushed into the fight, they found four men strung on one lance! Then three were found in a similar position, and the Samoans learned that it was where their young white king fought.

They regarded him as a hero of the gods, and sang his praises to the skies.

Bayta told Ben of the finding of the seven men strung on two lances, and Ben spoke to Dick about it.

"Yes," said Dick, "I did it. I went into the fight in hopes of being able to meet one or both of those two white men on their side."

"Did you see them?" Ben asked.

"Yes, I saw one."

"So did I, but I could not get at him. They don't know anything about military movements."

"No. I wish, however, I could get a message to one of them. I am going to try to get one of the prisoners to take a letter to one of them."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### "FETICH! FETICH!"

The dead being disposed of, and all the warriors that were left on the island being captured, the young king concluded to return to his home with his prisoners and plunder, and prepare for another expedition to the other islands of the Nonga group. Accordingly, he gave orders for the concentration of his army at the place of landing, at noon the next day.

In the meantime he had one of the young Nonga chiefs brought before him. Bayta acted as interpreter.

"Do you know the two white chiefs who led the Nongas in the last battle?" Dick asked.



"Yes," was the reply.

"Who are they?"

"White men."

"But their names?"

"They are called the white chiefs."

"Where did they come from?"

"From white man's country over the water."

"How long have they been with your people?"

The young chief shook his head and said he did not know. When the Nongas were beaten in the first battle, their chiefs thought it was owing to the superior knowledge of the young white king of the Samoans.

"There were two white men living on little Cocoanut Island," continued the prisoner. "We made them chiefs, and forced them to lead our warriors in battle. We are beaten again. Our king is a prisoner. The white king is too brave and wise for us. The heart of the Nongas is broken."

Dick was silent for several minutes after the young Nonga chief was done speaking.

He was thinking.

Suddenly he turned and asked:

"Were those white men taken from the Samoans a long time ago?"

The Nonga shook his head.

He didn't seem to know much about the two white men until within the last week.

"Ben," said Dick, in a low tone of voice, turning to Malcolm, "I believe one of those men is my brother Jim."

"Great whales!" exclaimed Ben, almost leaping out of his clothes.

"What do you think?" Dick asked.

Ben glared at him.

"Blast my eyes!" he ejaculated, sailor fashion, "I haven't had time to think about it, mate."

"Don't it look that way?"

"Keelhaul me if it don't!"

"It appears so to me, and I am going to see if I can get a letter to him by this fellow."

"Just the thing."

Dick tore out a leaf of a note-book he carried in his pocket, and wrote with a pencil:

"The white men in the service of the Nongas can find a friend, if they need one, in the person of Dick Dunn, King of Samoa."

While he was writing the young Nonga chief looked on with an uneasiness that grew more marked every moment.

"Now, chief!" said Dick, when he had finished writing, "if you will take this to those two white men I will give you your freedom and allow you to remain with your people."

"No—no—no!" exclaimed the young chief, a look of intense horror on his face. "Fetich! Fetich! Fetich!"

"No," said Dick sternly, "it's not fetich," and he advanced toward him in order to show him what it was.

Had old Beelzebub approached him in person, the Nonga chief could not have been more terrified than he was. He sprang back, as he would from fire, and cried out:

"Fetich! Fetich!"

"No, no. There's no fetich about that," and he thrust the paper into the hand of the young chief.

With an ear-splitting yell, the young chief sprang away and darted through the line of guards with the speed of a deer.

"Catch him! Bring him back!" cried Dick.

Half a hundred men dashed away in hot pursuit.

Fear lent wings to the feet of the Nonga, and he soon placed a good distance between himself and his pursuers.

But the king had ordered them to bring him back, and therefore they would run him down, even though they had to make the circuit of the island a dozen times.

But the terrified young chief had no intention of making a circuit of the island. He made straight for the beach, turning neither to the right nor the left.

When he reached the water's edge he did not hesitate a moment, but plunged boldly in and swam seaward.

His pursuers were astounded. They dared not enter the water for fear of the merciless sharks.

But he struck out, as though no sharks ever lived in those waters, and made direct for a little island some three or four miles away.

The surprise of the Samoans was unbounded, when he had gone a half mile or more without being molested by those sea tigers.

They did not understand that all the sharks, for miles around, were then feasting on the hundreds of dead natives that had been cast into the sea about two miles to the left of them. That was why there were no sharks around to chase the young chief.

The Samoans, however, believed that he bore a charmed life, and made no farther efforts to catch him. They waited on the beach to see if he could make the island, as it was a feat no native had ever been able to perform, on account of the sharks.

He reached the island at last, and stood on the white beach like a dark speck, and the Samoans gazed at him with unfeigned astonishment.

They came back to the young king and reported what they had seen. Their superstitious notions were plainly betrayed in their report.

"Do you know why the sharks did not eat him?" he asked of them.

"Yes. His gods saved him, because he would not touch the white man's fetich."

"You are wrong," said the young king. "No fetich has any effect on sharks. The Nonga gods can't save them from the Samoans. The reason the sharks did not attack him was because over a thousand dead Nongas were thrown into the sea not far from there. All the sharks were there at the feast. That's why there were no sharks to chase the young chief."

That explanation seemed to have a good effect on them. But the superstitions of the natives had taken deep root in their minds, and Dick thought it was necessary to explain the whole thing to the army that evening.

The next day, at noon, the Samoan army embarked in their canoes, carrying some five hundred men prisoners, including the Nonga king, and fifty of the handsomest young Nonga women that could be found on the island.

Among the plunder taken were one hundred large war canoes. These were carried back laden with war-clubs and javelins, of which the Nongas were expert makers. Then there were several hundred rolls of grass-matting, made of soft fibre, that rendered them as pliable as blankets of wool. These, with the vast quantity of pearls seized in the king's house, constituted the plunder of the invasion.

The young king gave the signal to start, and about two hundred war canoes moved out upon the placid bosom of the Pacific.

Just before sunset Natigoo and her maidens saw her victorious husband returning at the head of the fleet of canoes. They set up a shout of rejoicing, and the regiment of lancers marched down to the sea-shore to receive them.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE YOUNG KING'S ARMY OF RED PLUMES.

The young king was the first to step on shore.

Natigoo, arrayed in all the jewelry and trinkets he had given her, together with plumes of gorgeous hues, sprang forward, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him all over his face.

"Women are alike the world over," said Dick, laughing and returning her caresses. "Nature is the same with all of them. They love and kiss all alike."

"Great love king!" said Natigoo. "Great chief, good husband, great warrior; Natigoo happy, proud of her husband!"

"The king loves his queen, and is proud of her love. He brings her a present of fifty Nonga maidens, and the King of the Nongas."

"The King of the Nongas?"

"Yes—he is our prisoner."

The women shouted, the soldiers cheered and waved their lances in the air.

Then the army proceeded to land.

The prisoners were marched up on the hill, under a strong guard. The king was assigned special quarters under a guard of fifty lancers.

That night there was a grand feast.

The Samoans were never so powerful, never so enthusiastic in the history of their tribe. They sang and danced nearly all night, praising their wonderful white king to the very skies.

The story of his killing four men with one blow of a lance, stringing them on the slender weapon like so many frogs on a spit, was told by every soldier of the expedition. Of course it gathered romance as it was repeated, until it was told that he slew a thousand Nongas with a single lance.

The next day Dick consulted with Ben Malcolm, whom he had made general-in-chief of the army, as to the disposition to be made of the prisoners.

"There's no use in keeping them," said Ben, "unless you make them support themselves."



"That's just what I was thinking," replied Dick. "These people live principally on fruit, yams and goat-flesh. The goats take care of themselves, and the women cultivate what few yams they use. Now, I am thinking of building quite a large city here on this plateau, and keeping all the canoes of the island in the upper part of the harbor under guard, to prevent the escape of any of the prisoners. Then I purpose putting the prisoners at work raising yams for the use of the army and people."

"By George! that's the very thing!" exclaimed Ben. "You will soon have a strong government at that rate."

"That's just what I want. If I can work things right I want to send to Europe and America and invite trade and settlers."

"Don't do it!" said Ben. "They'll make trouble for you. Any more white men here will call for offices, and——"

Dick laughed.

"You are right, mate," he said. "We'll run the thing ourselves. By the way, these Samoan women make very good wives and housekeepers, don't they?"

"Yes, I am satisfied with mine."

"So am I," and they both laughed.

"I have been thinking of uniforming the army," said the young king.

"How—painting their half-naked bodies?"

Dick roared.

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," he said. "But I am going to adopt a better one. You notice those large, gay-plumaged birds in the forest, which have such discordant voices?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are nearly a dozen different shades of color among their wings and tail feathers. I think that plumes of one color for the privates, and of different colors for the officers, according to rank, would be just the thing."

"Great whales! It would make 'em so proud they couldn't stand it."

"I don't know about that. The prouder they get, the better soldiers they will make."

"It will certainly make a fine display."

"That's what I think."

Ben was ordered to detail men to catch the birds and pluck out the large plumage feathers, and then let the birds go again.

The natives knew not what was to be done with the feathers, but they went to work with a will, catching the birds with traps and devices known only to themselves. In less than a week's time there were feathers enough on hand for an army of 20,000 men.

Orders were then given to cease catching them, and details made to distribute the plumes.

The privates were to wear red plumes on light grass, close-fitting skull caps; captain bluish-gray; majors bluish-gray and red—two; lieutenant-colonels white and black; colonels red, white and black; the general—Ben Malcolm—to wear a gorgeous head-dress combining all the colors, besides a sword and brace of revolvers.

The king's uniform was a grass helmet covered with golden-colored feathers, surmounted by the figure of a stuffed green parakeet with outstretched wings, which made one of the handsomest head-dresses ever beheld.

The entire army was drawn up on parade, and the feathers placed in position. The skull-caps were so elastic that they fitted any sized head.

The effect was martial as well as beautiful, and murmurs of admiration were heard on all sides.

They marched and counter-marched, and the waving plumes of men and officers created a pageant that aroused a frantic enthusiasm.

Men were then sent to the other eight islands with feathers for the army on each. In a week they returned to report the work done.

"Now for the conquest of the lower Nonga Islands," said the young king to his officers.

The wildest enthusiasm prevailed among the lancers. They had no baggage to carry. Each soldier was to carry two days' rations of yams and bread-fruit, so as not to be entirely without food on landing on a strange island.

Everything being in readiness, Dick took leave of Natigoo, leaving a strong guard for her protection, and embarked in his royal canoe, which was decorated with the royal colors.

There were about five thousand men in one hundred and twenty canoes, and the display they made as they rode out of the little harbor, with their crimson plumes waving above their heads, was something imposing in the extreme.

On their way down they passed the island on which the three battles had been fought. A few native women were seen here and there in the bushes, gazing at the power that had so terribly ruined their hopes. But not a male did they see. It was evident that they were all away concentrating for some purpose of vengeance.

They passed on without stopping, and made for the island south of that one, which they reached in two hours.

When they landed they found no one to oppose them.

The women and children fled to the woods on their approach. Bayta caught several women, however, and ascertained from them that the men had all gone to Ochre Island.

"What for?" he asked.

"Don't know—all chiefs say go there, and they go."

Bayta reported to the young king what the women had said.

"Then we will go there, too," said Dick. "Maybe they are preparing for a raid on one of our small islands. We'll humble those haughty Nongas and make them pay tribute to the Samoans."

To the astonishment of the Nonga women, the Samoans left without doing any violence whatever. They were amazed at it. Nongas slew women and children when they did not wish to take them away as prisoners.

Embarking again, the whole force moved down between two smaller islands, and came in sight of the larger island of Ochre.

"Pull hard, men!" cried Dick; "we want to land and pitch camp before sunset."

They bent to the oars and sent the canoes flying through the water. They beached the canoes and dragged them up out of reach of danger, put a strong guard over them, and then pitched their camp near where a stream of fresh water emptied into the sea.

The sun was just sinking behind the hills when a single messenger from the natives came in. He was carried before the young king, to whom he propounded the question:

"What do you want here?"

"We want the two white men in your tribe," replied Dick, quickly, hoping that the Nongas would give them up for the sake of peace.

"You cannot have them," said the messenger. "They are helping our chiefs."

"Very well. We will take them as we have taken your king."

"They sent me to tell you to go away."

"Go back and tell them to come to me in person—that a king cannot receive a message through a messenger. They shall not be harmed if they come, and will be left free to go as they please."

The messenger went away, and the sun went down. The moon rose full, clear and almost as bright as day with its silvery light.

Dick instructed Ben to put out strong guards—three lines of them—to avoid a surprise and possible panic.

"Once defeated and our lives wouldn't be worth a penny each," he said.

Ben adopted his suggestion and established three picket lines, and cautioned the officers in charge to be vigilant.

An hour after midnight a sentinel reported a peculiar noise in his front—as of many animals moving about in the woods.

Instantly the officer of the guard suspected a strong force preparing to make a charge on the line, and quickly passed the word for help.

Ben promptly sent a regiment to that point.

Ten minutes later another messenger came from the line on the left.

Ben very quietly called up the whole army.

They sprang to arms, and in five minutes were in line, ready for any emergency.

They were scarcely formed ere a series of yells broke the stillness of the hour.

The enemy had charged the picket line and were pushing it back.

"Forward men!" cried Dick, placing himself at the head of the first division, waving his bright sword in the moonlight.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A BATTLE BY MOONLIGHT.

The problem of the Nonga prisoners, and all they were to do, being settled, the young king issued orders for the army to prepare for a second invasion of the lower islands of Matta-hoi's kingdom.



The line rushed forward to the support of the picket line, which was being forced back by the enormous pressure of several thousand desperate Nongas.

But the wall of sharp lances stemmed the tide of retreat. The mass of black natives hurled themselves against it in vain. It stood like a stone wall.

The earth shook under the furious charge and clash, and the yells of the combatants told how fierce were the passions that moved them.

The second and third divisions came up, and even then the Nongas seemed to outnumber them two to one.

But an unorganized mob can do little against disciplined and well-handled troops. The line of red plumes never gave back an inch after the first division came up. They stood and thrust their long lances into the black masses.

Still, thinking the red plumes must give way to the pressure of superior numbers, the Nongas fought doggedly on.

Suddenly the young king waved his bloody sword above his head, and cried:

"Charge, soldiers—charge!"

With a wild cheer the whole line charged, sweeping everything before them. The Nongas were pushed back on those in their rear, and the slaughter was terrible.

Such a dogged resistance astonished Dick. He saw that the Nongas would make splendid soldiers, if properly handled.

Ordering his little squad of fire-arms to open fire, an instant change was the result.

The flash of the guns, and their destructive effect, started a panic, and in less than five minutes the Nongas were flying in every direction, leaving the Samoans once more victors, and the ground covered with their dead.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### CONQUEST AND TRIBUTE.

When the defeated Nongas retreated from the battle-field, the pale moonlight revealed all the terrors of the combat.

In many places the ground was covered by the dead and dying, two or three deep.

Relying upon superior numbers, the enemy had fought desperately, expecting every moment to see the lines of the invader weaken and waver.

But the red plumes never gave way an inch, they stood solid for their young king, in whose wisdom they had unbounded confidence.

Now that the demoralized enemy was in full retreat, the Samoan officers had ample time to study the result. They began to survey and count the dead, when the firm tones of their young king called them to their duty.

"Second and third divisions, pursue the enemy till he surrenders!" he ordered, and the pursuit at once commenced.

It was within an hour of daylight when the enemy gave way.

When dawn appeared the young king detailed a large burial party to throw the dead into the sea. He watched the work himself, and was amazed at the number of the killed of the Nongas.

"What a comment on the value of organization!" he said to himself. "They outnumbered us largely, and yet their loss is ten times greater than ours."

The dead disposed of, the victors set about gathering the war-clubs and javelins that were left on the battle-field. They found over two thousand of them, and secured them as trophies of the victory.

Ben Malcolm was in command of the pursuit.

He pushed ahead with his command as fast as he could. The main body of the enemy had gone in a southerly direction, while the others seemed to scatter east and west.

Ben pursued the main body, believing that they had some objective point in holding together so tenaciously.

They were making for their canoes, as they belonged on other islands.

The second division made a desperate charge about sunrise to prevent them from embarking, and another desperate encounter took place.

The enemy fought with a desperation born of despair. Ben said afterward that he never saw such desperation in a body of men.

They made a rush, and actually broke the line. But the Samoans quickly reformed and slaughtered them mercilessly. Still hundreds of them reached the canoes and got away, going

southward toward another island that could be seen a few miles away.

The pursuit ended in the capture of some two hundred prisoners, with whom Ben marched back to camp.

The prisoners were amazed at the discipline and martial appearance of the Samoans, and spoke of the white king as the greatest warrior that ever lived; that the Nongas could not contend against him.

"Where are the white men who led you into this battle?" Dick asked of a chief among the prisoners.

"They went away in canoes," was the reply.

"Which way?"

"South."

"Do the Nongas live on any of the islands south of this one?"

"Yes—three islands."

"Are there many warriors on those islands?"

"Not many now. Great white king kill too many."

"Were any of their warriors in this battle?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Five chiefs and all their young men."

"Who are those two white men?"

"White men like the great white king."

"Do you know their names?"

"No."

"Will you carry a piece of paper to one of them for me?"

"Yes."

Dick handed him the note he had written on a former occasion, but which created such terror in the mind of a Nonga chief.

The chief opened the paper and glanced at the writing.

The moment he caught sight of the pencil lines he dropped it with a yell, leaping several feet away, crying out:

"Fetich! Fetich!"

Each of the two hundred prisoners took up the cry, and for several minutes they seemed to be in a storm of rage combined with terror.

Dick saw that it was utterly impossible to get any piece of writing to the two mysterious white men who were with the Nongas.

"I am puzzled to know," he remarked to Ben Malcolm, "how I am to open communication with those fellows."

"Send a message by word of mouth," suggested Ben.

"I have thought of that, but don't believe it will work."

"Try it."

"I will," and turning to the same chief who had been so afraid of Fetich, he asked:

"Will you go to the white men for me if I will spare your life, and give you your liberty?"

"Yes."

"Then go to the white men and tell them that if they will come and see me, I will spare the Nongas. If they do not, I will destroy them."

The chief said he would do that, and the young king ordered Ben to give him a canoe and crew of ten men, and let them depart.

Ben obeyed his orders to the letter, and in another hour the messenger was on his way to the islands south of the Island of Ochre.

In the meantime Dick imposed an annual tribute of a peck of pearls from the natives. They agreed to pay it, and the first installment being paid, he released the prisoners, and prepared to embark his army to another island that lay in sight on the west side of Ochre Island.

They found the natives submissive, for some of them had returned with the news of the utter overthrow of Mattahoi, and the destruction of his monarchy.

A similar tribute was exacted from them as had been paid by the natives of the Isle of Ochre.

The other two islands were visited. The white men had fled, they knew not where. Tribute in pearls was demanded and received, after which Dick ordered the army to embark for home.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### DICK ORDERS A WHOLESALE MARRIAGE, AND SENDS BEN ON AN EXPEDITION.

When the white king and his victorious army returned to Samoa, a grand parade in honor of their victories was decreed.

Preparations were made on a grand scale, and all the villages on the island turned out their entire population to witness



it. Five thousand warriors, with gaudy plumes on their heads, were in line, making a truly imposing appearance.

The captive king of the Nongas was carried in the procession. The women and children hooted at him, but no violence was attempted.

The parade wound up with a grand banquet in the open air. The whole pageant had the effect to make the young king more powerful than ever.

The usual order of things being restored, Dick ordered a grass-mat hut to be built for every officer and soldier in his army. These were put up in streets like a well-laid-out city, and every convenience that native ingenuity could desire were placed in them. Then it was ordered that every unmarried soldier should take a wife and occupy a hut. Those already married were ordered to move into one of the huts with his family.

Of course this suited the soldiers exactly. As for the young women, they were electrified. Over 2,000 of the young soldiers were unmarried, and as many young women were found to mate them with. Such a wholesale wedding was never before seen in the world. At least, history makes no mention of any 2,000 brides—2,000 grooms—4,000 happy hearts all together! How they blest the name of the good white king that day!

A rest of a month followed the wholesale marriage, during which time the young king perfected many improvements. The chief city of the island, which he called Samoa, was laid out and arranged like an American city. The natives seemed to regard it as caused by enchantment. They came by thousands from other islands to see, and went back with wonderful stories of the power and glory of the white king.

At the end of a month there was an invasion of one of the lower islands by another tribe from the west. Dick was too busy in a certain work he was superintending to go in command of the army, so he sent Ben and old Bayta with their divisions to drive off the enemy.

Accordingly they set out, taking about 3,000 men with them. "Send me a courier every day," said Dick to Ben, as he shook hands with him on the beach.

"I will," was the reply, as the canoe shoved off.

Two days later a native came back and said that sixty war canoes full of Nongas had landed on the farthest of the Samoan Islands and destroyed one of their villages on that side.

The whole military force of the little island did not number over 400 men. These had withstood the assaults of the whole 3,000 Nongas for three days, losing one-third of their number.

Ben and Bayta's divisions landed on the third day, when a great battle ensued, in which the Nongas were utterly routed. A small portion only succeeded in escaping—not exceeding 300 men. All the others were either killed or captured.

"That's good news," said the young king, adjusting a blue plume in the helmet of the courier, "and you shall be an officer for your faithfulness."

The soldier returned to his command, proud of having been decorated by the king, and made his report to his general.

Couriers kept coming day after day with but trifling reports, and Dick began to wonder what was keeping Ben down there—sixty miles away.

He sent word, finally, for him to return with his prisoners.

Ben did so, bringing up some three hundred prisoners with him.

"You have done well," said Dick, grasping Ben's hand as he stepped ashore.

"I did the best I could," was the reply.

"That's all any man can do. How many prisoners have you?"

"About three hundred."

"Did you see or hear anything of those two white men?"

"Yes, but they got away. They thought there was no military organization on the island, and expected to overrun it. I think the Nongas are about broken up now."

"I think so, too. They certainly will not dare to attempt to invade us again."

"No, of course not."

"Take the prisoners over to Bayta's Island and put them to work under guards, planting and raising potatoes. Then I want you to send a regiment to the Nongas to collect one-half of all the goats on each island, and have them distributed among our people. I want them to have all the meat they want."

As general of the army, Ben issued orders to Bayta to see that the king's instructions were complied with.

Two weeks passed, and the various islands of the Samoans received an immense supply of goats.

Then Dick, who really felt sorry for the fierce old king of the Nongas, began to think about releasing him and allowing him to return to his kingdom.

"If he will agree to pay a tribute of a bushel of pearls per

annum, and to do his utmost to capture and send to me the two white men who have been fighting against us, I will let him go."

Mattahoi's proud spirit had been humbled a great deal in the last two months. He saw that his fierce warriors had been defeated, conquered and scattered to the winds, and readily consented to the terms offered by the white king. Accordingly he was permitted to return to his people, who received him in silence, for their spirit was utterly broken.

Soon after Mattahoi left to return to his kingdom, Ben sought a private interview with Dick, and suggested to him that as the lower end of the group of Samoan Islands was exposed to the attacks of two other war-like tribes on neighboring islands, he ought to establish a strong military settlement there.

"You are right, Ben," said Dick. "I was thinking of that last night."

"I would like to go down there and stay a while," Ben remarked.

"Very well. I give you full command of the island. Take one thousand men with you, and make a headquarters there the same as here. Let every soldier take his grass mats and wife, and also take along one hundred Nonga prisoners to do the hard work to be done."

Ben lost no time in getting ready for the move. He seemed particularly delighted with the move. His wife and all his household effects were placed in a large canoe with ten rowers.

The young king bade him good-by at the beach, and viewed the expedition from his house on the bluff, with some degree of pride.

On reaching lower Samoa, Ben landed his division and went into camp. He made a search for an eligible site for a village the next day.

As soon as he found a site that suited him, he set to work at once to build the town. The prisoners were made to do most of the work. The native force of the island, added to that which he had brought with him, gave him command of over 1,300 lances.

The natives of the island were rejoiced at the importance the presence of the general of the army would give them. They looked upon him as only a little less powerful than the king himself. Every assistance in their power was given, and in a short time he had a fine palace erected, such as they called a palace in that part of the world, and took possession of it, with a retinue of maid-servants to wait on him and his wife.

"Dick Dunn," muttered Ben Malcolm to himself one day, "has no more right to be a king than I have. I will be a king here, and not interfere with him. This island is large enough for me, and my force strong enough to repel an invasion."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### BEN MALCOLM SEEKS A KINGDOM FOR HIMSELF.

Ben Malcolm was as ambitious to be a king as was ever any pretender to a throne in Europe. He didn't care how small the kingdom, so long as it was a kingdom and he the king.

He had a beautiful wife, to whom he was very much attached. She was as fond of him, and as ambitious.

A month passed, during which time he made himself a thorough master of everything on the island. By a judicious course, he completely won the confidence of his soldiers, who all the time believed him the trusted general of the king.

One day an old native informed him that at a distance of a day's rowing to the west of Lower Samoa was a large island that once belonged to the Samoan group; that another tribe came over from an island still farther to the west and drove out the Samoans. They had held it ever since. It was a large, rich island, and the chief very powerful.

Ben was delighted at hearing the news. He lay awake nights thinking of it, and in the daytime discussed in his mind the feasibility of conquering it and establishing a kingdom there.

"Dick can't object to my seizing a kingdom for myself. He is making a fortune by exacting a tribute in pearls from the Nongas. Why cannot I do the same thing? Hanged if I don't try it. I can conquer it easy enough, and settle the matter with Dick afterward."

Days and weeks passed, during which time he talked with old Dahmo about the conquest of the island. He ascertained that the story of the conquest was a legend among his people, and that it was so old that no one could tell when it actually took place.



"Would your people like to take the island again?" he asked.

"Yes," said the old native. "They ought to take it now, for the white king is the greatest king in the world."

"Then I will send word to the king that I will go over and claim the island in his name."

That night he slept but little. He gave himself up to the study of the game he was contemplating.

The next day he sent four of his officers to four of the islands nearest to him, instructing them to send him one-half the military force to rendezvous on Lower Samoa the next day.

The officers were loyal to the king, and thought they were doing the king loyal service. They followed out their instructions to the letter, and in due time over 1,500 soldiers, with grass helmets and waving red plumes and long lances, landed on the island.

Ben ordered them into camp, and arranged for a departure at daylight the next morning, with 2,500 lances.

He had everything ready to the very minute, and the men embarked in sixty war canoes.

The weather was fine and the sea as smooth as glass. The rowers pulled hard, and just before sunset they reached the island and landed.

It was a large island. The natives were darker than the Samoans—more like the Nongas than otherwise. They were taken completely by surprise, and didn't know what to think of the invasion.

A chief of the nearest village, however, sent a messenger to ask what they wanted.

"Tell your chief that the Samoans have come back again for their own," was the reply given by Ben Malcolm.

Then the call to arms went through the island. The natives rallied around their king in thousands. But they were dismayed at the peculiar uniform of the invaders, together with their long lances. Ben and his officers saw that they had the advantage, and quietly awaited the attack on a ground of their own choosing.

They did not have to wait long. The great mob of undisciplined natives rushed down upon the Samoans, and were received with a solid line of lance points.

The onset was terrific, but the lines remained unbroken. Completely surrounded at times, the red plumes were thrown into squares that presented a front on all sides.

The battle raged four hours, and hundreds lay dead or dying on the field. Ben ordered a charge. It was gallantly made, and the enemy gave way. The retreat became a panic, and in a few minutes the invaders remained undisputed masters of the field.

The battle was a hot one. Several hundreds of the natives lay weltering in gore, and half a hundred Samoans were killed, and three times that number wounded.

Ben promptly ordered the dead thrown into the sea, and then pushed on in pursuit of the natives. He did not intend to let them get together again to give battle if he could help it. But the natives knew more about the country than he did, and so managed to get away.

He encamped that night at a large village from which every soul had fled. The plunder was considerable, and he allowed his soldiers to help themselves to what they wanted. He was prudent enough, however, to put out a strong guard to prevent a surprise during the night.

But the enemy was concentrating for a last supreme effort, and three days later a countless host of them charged down upon the little army of red plumes.

The battle raged a half day, and the ground was literally covered with the dead and dying. Just before sunset a determined charge sent the natives flying, and again the red plumes were masters of the field.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE YOUNG KING HAS A LITTLE REBELLION IN HIS KINGDOM.

The second defeat of the natives seemed to break them all up. They concentrated in a village not far from the battlefield, and opened negotiations with the invaders. They wanted to know what terms they could get.

"Surrender the island and all there is on it to the Samoans," said Ben. "All the men can leave if they want to."

The natives rejected the offer and prepared for battle again. But they preferred to carry on a desultory warfare, turning their attention to destroying small foraging parties so as to prevent them from getting a supply of food. This lasted two weeks, at the end of which time Ben discovered that he had

lost three hundred men, and was still far from having conquered a kingdom for himself.

Several days after Ben started on this expedition, a courier arrived at Lower Samoa with a message from Dick for him. The messenger got all the points from the officer in command of the home guard, and then hastened back to report to the king.

Dick was amazed when he heard it. He called Natigoo and asked her about the island which Ben had invaded. She repeated the old legendary story about the Samoans having once been driven it from it by the Dahees, the present owners of it.

"But why did Ben gather my soldiers and go on an expedition without first getting my consent?" Dick asked himself a dozen times during the day. "He has made war on the most powerful tribe on this side of—I don't know where, and may get the worst of it. I don't like the looks of it at all. He surely cannot mean rebellion. I'll send a courier to him with orders to return to Samoa at once."

The courier was instructed to say to Ben Malcolm:

"The king says you must return to Samoa at once."

Then he was sent with thirty rowers in one of the swiftest canoes in the fleet.

Three days later the courier returned with Ben's answer:

"Tell the king that I have conquered the Dahees and will stay here to hold it."

Dick was amazed.

He thought he smelled a large-sized mouse.

He concluded to send the courier back with another message and order.

The courier was made to repeat it:

"The king says he does not want to conquer the Dahees; that he has no quarrel with them. If you do not return, you must send the Samoan troops home at once."

Three days later the same courier returned and said:

"The white general says he will not return till his work is done—that he will send the troops back as soon as he is done with them."

"Rebellion!" exclaimed the young king. Then turning to his chief of staff, he said:

"Order the army to prepare to embark at noon to-morrow."

Natigoo was excited.

She was afraid the rebellion would end in the overthrow of her idolized husband.

"No danger," said Dick. "I will bring him back a prisoner."

Assembling his army, he addressed them in their own language, and told them that his white general had rebelled against his authority, and that he was going after him. He asked if they would follow him loyally, and they responded with shouts that they would.

He then embarked with 3,500 men in ninety canoes.

The distance was such that it would be past midnight when they reached the island. He had timed his departure so as to reach there at that hour, as he wanted to surprise his treacherous friend.

They quietly landed some four miles north of the spot where Ben had disembarked. He ordered that no fires be built that night, as he did not want his presence on the island known until after daylight.

Every order was obeyed in the strictest sense, and sunrise found him on the march toward the southern end of the island. He ordered the canoes to row along the coast till they came in sight of those Ben had brought his army over in.

The guard in charge of Ben's canoes, not dreaming that Ben was in open rebellion to the king, hailed the presence of royalty with delight.

Dick placed one of his aides in command of the canoe guards, and ordered him not to allow Ben Malcolm to depart in any of them, but to keep possession of them even at the risk of his own life.

Then he heard reports of the terrific battles that had been fought and won, and of the great losses of the Samoans. He was indignant at the treachery of his friend.

He gave the order to march, and the army moved off on the trail of the rebel commander. After marching five hours they came in sight of Ben and his heroic followers, surrounded by a perfect cloud of Dahees, who had been fighting all day. When Ben would charge, those in his front would give way, but thousands in his rear would charge and inflict great damage. Thus it was, back and forth, a contest of ten to one, and it seemed but a question of time as to the defeat of the invaders.

The young king took in the situation at a glance, and ordered his line to charge.

They did so in fine style, yelling like tigers, and swept everything before them. Ben's soldiers charged at the same time, and the route was complete. The Dahees fled in every direction. Such a large reinforcement was too much for them.



Dick quickly ordered his fire-arms squad to accompany him in his search for Ben Malcolm.

He was received with enthusiastic cheers by Ben's troops as he passed them, which convinced him that they knew nothing of the treachery of their commander.

"Ben Malcolm," he said, "what does this mean?"

"You can see for yourself what it means," was the dogged reply. "I have undertaken the conquest of this island, which once belonged to Samoa."

"By whose authority did you undertake it?"

"I did it at the suggestion and request of the troops of my command."

"You cared nothing about what the King of Samoa thought about it."

"The king is my friend; I never dreamed that he would object to my extending his territory."

"Not even when I ordered you peremptorily to return?"

"It was too late to return. The Dahees would have followed and carried the war into Samoa."

"You are a rebel, Ben Malcolm. Report yourself under arrest to——"

"I shall do no such thing, Dick Dunn. You are trying to rob me of the fruits of my victories."

"Do you defy me?"

"Oh, no, not at all; but I am not going to be arrested while I have any troops to stand by me."

"Guards, arrest that man! If he resists, kill him!"

The order was firm and determined.

The king's body-guard rushed forward.

Ben drew his sword and sung out:

"Soldiers, stand by your general!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE CONQUEST OF THE DAHEES.

The call of the young commander was promptly responded to by his own command. They knew his voice and had fought under him. They did not know that the young king had ordered his arrest, and in a moment he was surrounded by several hundred of his men, ready to obey his orders.

"Soldiers!" cried Dick, in a loud voice, "I am your king, the choice of your chiefs and the husband of Natigoo. Lay down your arms!"

Every lance was instantly thrown to the ground, to the intense dismay of Ben Malcolm.

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Dick. "Where are your soldiers at your back?"

"Soldiers, take up your arms!" shouted Ben, in a frantic rage.

Not a man moved.

Every eye was turned on the young king.

Ben's face was livid.

"Do you still resist?" Dick asked sarcastically.

"No."

"Arrest him and keep him under guard. Don't let him speak with any one."

This order was given to one of his aides, who immediately surrounded him with a guard of fifty men, and then took his sword and pistols from him.

Dick then took command of the whole force, now about five thousand men. The first thing to do was to call a council of war. He explained to his officers how the war originated, and asked if they desired to regain the island which once belonged to their people. Every officer present gave an affirmative answer, for the recovery of that isle had long been a dream of the Samoan chiefs.

"Then we will finish the job," remarked the young king. "The council is adjourned. Go to your commands, and obey orders."

They hastened to their respective commands, and Dick prepared to prosecute the war with vigorous energy.

But he found the island too large to admit of an easy conquest. The Dahees retreated toward the northern end of it, and concentrated their strength for a final stand.

Dick saw that one more great battle would have to be fought ere the enemy would yield, and he made preparations to fight it.

He ordered Bayta, who had developed fine leadership, to hold himself and his division in reserve to strike the rear or flank of the enemy, whichever might be required. He added a regiment to the division in order to make its charge more effective.

He found the Dahees waiting for them on a level plain.

There were a great many chiefs there with their followers, many, many thousands in all. But they had no organization, though brave and determined.

As the Samoans marched toward them, the Dahee king sent a messenger to inquire what the invaders wanted.

"Why do you make war on us? What do you want of the Dahees?"

"Tell your king," said Dick, through an interpreter, "that this island was taken from the Samoans many years ago, before any man now living was born, and that we have come to take it again. The Dahees must go away whence they came, and leave the island to its rightful owners."

The messenger delivered the message word for word to the Dahee king.

Of course the Dahees could do nothing but fight for their homes. They rallied around their king, and resolved to die then and there in defense of their island.

The Dahees commenced the attack by rushing in one immense body toward the line of red plumes.

"Steady, men of Samoa!" cried Dick.

The shock was awful.

The immense impetus pushed the line back till it bent inward like a semicircle, and was on the point of being broken. Dick hastily ordered Bayta's division to support it, and the old veteran made a charge that restored the line, after which he was held in reserve again.

The line was three deep, presenting an unbroken wall of sharp lance points. Time and again did the Dahees hurl themselves against it, only to be driven back bleeding and broken.

Nearly all day long the bloody work went on. The Dahee king was everywhere in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his men to deeds of desperate valor.

He was a tall, muscular-looking man, much heavier than Dick, yet the young king resolved to engage him in single combat and settle the fight at one blow.

He pushed his way along the line till he came across the Dahee king. The latter was using only his war-club. Dick had only his saber, but he challenged him with a defiant yell.

The Dahee responded, and made a rush to beat him down with his club. Dick received him on the point of his saber, which penetrated his shoulder about an inch. The Dahee sprang back and struck a blow at the saber, intending to shiver it to atoms, and then have the young king at his mercy. But Dick was too skillful to be caught that way. The blow struck nothing, and ere the savage could recover himself, Dick ran his blade clear through his body.

The Dahee king fell, and the cry went up among his followers that he was dead. A panic ensued. A charge by Bayta's division gave it an impetus, and ten minutes later the enemy was flying in every direction.

It was a terrible battle.

The slaughter was immense, though the Dahees lost ten times as many as the Samoans did.

"Great Neptune!" exclaimed Dick, as he surveyed the field. "It's awful, yet these people delight in such work! I hope the Dahees will give up now and not provoke another slaughter."

Bayta was ordered to pursue the fugitives, and inflict as much damage as possible. "Treat the women well, however," was the command.

Bayta pursued them as long as they held together, and then stopped. He encamped that night about ten miles from the battle-field.

Before midnight a deputation of chiefs came in to sue for peace.

Bayta sent them under a strong guard to the young king.

Dick received them very kindly, and said:

"Your people drove out the ancestors of the Samoans, and now it's your turn to go."

"We will go," said an old chief. "The white king of Samoa is too strong for us. What will we be allowed to take with us?"

"Only your women and children. All else belongs to Samoa."

The old chief bowed his head and said:

"We will go."

"But where will you go?" Dick demanded.

"Back to the little islands whence we came—to the west."

"Your people can remain if you will serve me as your king."

"The white king is great and powerful," returned the chief, "but he has slain our king and strewn the plains with our people. We cannot serve him. We now have a young king to reign over us."

The chiefs departed, and Dick issued orders for the suspension of hostilities, and allow the Dahees to depart in peace.

Ten days was required to see the last canoeful of them depart. By that time not one remained. Many maidens were wooed by the Samoans, but not one would listen to the dulcet



tones of the woosers. They preferred their countrymen in exile to the victors in so many desperate battles.

When the last Dahee was gone, Dick turned to figure up the losses of the different commands. He found that over five hundred of his plumed warriors had fallen in the three or four desperate battles that had been fought.

But the plunder was immense. Thousands of goats and cattle, and over ten thousand grass and palm-leaf huts fell into the hands of the conqueror. Then war-clubs and javelins in immense quantities were secured, besides pearls in great profusion among the treasures of the late king.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### THE YOUNG KING AND HIS FRIEND QUARREL.

Having secured the plunder and arranged to leave old Bayta in command, with a thousand men, Dick prepared to embark his troops for Samoa. He promised Bayta to send all the families belonging to his men, and allow as many others to emigrate as wanted to.

Then ordering the guard in charge of Ben Malcolm to embark with him in a separate canoe, the whole army set out to Samoa.

They reached home in safety, and were received with great rejoicing. But there were many widows whose husbands had fallen in battle. Their wails were heard throughout the city of Samoa. The king went to each one of them, gave them a badge to wear, a small green feather, and promised each one another husband.

Such condescension on the part of the king reconciled them to their loss, and they confidently waited for him to fulfill his promise by giving them another husband.

In the meantime Ben Malcolm was kept under a strong guard, and was not permitted to talk with any one. He tried in vain to persuade one of the guards to carry a message from him to the king. The faithful guard would not even speak to him.

Dick was too busy looking to the shipping of the wives of Bayta's soldiers to them to waste any time on his treacherous friend.

He not only sent the wives of the soldiers, but a thousand other families besides, in order to help build up a population there.

This attended to, he then turned his attention to Ben.

He sent word to the guard that he was coming to visit the prisoner.

The guard very promptly prepared to receive him royally, which they did when he arrived.

Dick looked sternly at Ben when he met him, refusing to take his hand when Ben extended it toward him.

"You won't take my hand, Dick," said Ben, "when you have me in your power, too?"

"No, Ben Malcolm, for your heart is not in your hand."

"Yes, it is, Dick. I did wrong, I know, but it was not with any intention of harming you."

"I am not so sure of that, Ben. I don't think you cared whether it injured me or not. I believe you would let me go by the board completely if you could gain your end by doing so."

Ben was silent for several minutes. Then he said:

"I did not intend to injure you in any way. I only thought I could conquer an island for myself."

"Yes, and seduce two thousand five hundred of my soldiers from their allegiance."

"Which you could have spared very easily," remarked Ben.

"If you thought so, why didn't you ask me about it? No, you had the whole thing planned before you moved down to the lower end of the group. I understand the whole game now."

"I am sorry," said Ben.

"Sorry for what? That you did not succeed?"

Ben made no reply.

"You are not half as sorry as I am," remarked Dick. "I am grieved that I have lost a trusted friend. It pains me that you should set an example of faithlessness to these simple people. We had it in our power to do a great deal of good, for they believed that we belonged to a race far above such traits as you have shown. Now, I want you to go back to Lower Samoa and stay there. You can retain your command on the island, with but three hundred men. If you leave it without my permission, I will take your command from you and reduce you to the ranks."

Ben was amazed.

He could scarcely believe his friend would be so severe with him. But he concluded to say nothing, and wait for time to heal the wound.

Dick went away and left him to his reflections.

"Great whales!" exclaimed Ben, on being left alone. "If any man had told me that Dick Dunn would have gone back on me in that way I wouldn't have believed him. He has changed a good deal since he married a heathen girl and became king over a little tribe of yellow South Sea Islanders. It has turned his head, and that's what's the matter with him. Well, I can go back to the little island. I've got my rank yet, and three hundred men are about the size of the population, anyhow. I'll wait for a chance to get even with him. I'll get a grip on him some day yet."

Two days later Ben was landed on the island, and left with just three hundred fighting men. Three hundred Nonga prisoners were put there also, to cultivate yams for the army. Ben found himself virtually a guard over a lot of prisoners tilling the soil.

It was humiliating in the extreme, but he flattered himself that the natives did not really understand the situation.

"I'll drill the men every day," he said, "and make them the best drilled men in the tribe. Some day I will drill and arm the prisoners, and then go over with them to their own tribe. They would make me their king, and then I'll have a chance to get even with Mr. Dick Dunn, King of Samoa."

Weeks and months passed, during which time he drilled his men faithfully, and applied himself to master the Nonga tongue.

To the Nonga prisoners he was very kind, and succeeded in gaining their confidence. He questioned them as to the fighting force of the tribe, and was astonished at finding it so large. It was much larger than that of the Samoans. But, while the Nongas were even, individually, better fighters than the Samoans, they were without any semblance of a military organization.

"If I could manage to organize and drill them," muttered Ben to himself one day, "I'd make Dick Dunn tremble in his boots. I could sweep him and his army into the sea, and take possession of the islands. He has blamed me for what I did, yet did not hesitate to reap the benefits of my victories over the Dahees."

Thus, instead of trying to merit the good-will and confidence of the young king, Ben Malcolm was growing more bitter toward him, and even meditated how he could overthrow him.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### DICK ARRESTS BEN AND LOCKS HIM UP—PARDONS HIM.

Months passed, and the two young white men in that far-away part of the world saw nothing of each other. Ben was compelled to send up weekly reports as to the condition of affairs on his island. If he did not he well knew he would be removed from command, and some one else put in his place.

Dick had sent down an order for him to have several hundred lances made for use in the army, as many were broken or otherwise destroyed. That was just what Ben wanted. He made the Nonga prisoners make them of the best material—one thousand of the regulation length, and several thousand of the extraordinary length of six feet longer—sixteen feet in length.

The regulation lengths were sent up to Samoa according to the king's order; the others were concealed in a room in Ben's house, to be kept in case of an emergency, such as he contemplated some day.

The couriers who passed from the king to the other islands of the tribe never dreamed of those lances being in Ben's possession. They did not even know of their existence, hence there was but little danger of the king hearing of it.

Thus things stood at the time Dick began thinking of invading the lower Nonga Islands. King Mattahoi had not kept his promise to send the two white men to Samoa.

On the contrary, he was more bitter than ever in his hatred of the Samoans and their white king.

He directed his chiefs to gather the pearls and pay the tribute, so as to prevent any excuse for another invasion. But when the bearers of the tribute came, Dick put on a fierce air and demanded to know where the two white men were.

"We know not," they replied. "There are no white men among us. They have gone away."

"Then Mattahoi sent them away on purpose," said Dick. "Tell him I will give him just thirty days—one month—in



which to find them. If he does not, I will find him, and give him to the sharks to eat."

That greatly alarmed Mattahoi, and he prepared to make another desperate defense of his dominions.

In the meantime Ben Malcolm made the mistake of undertaking to drill the Nonga prisoners. He pretended that they needed exercise, and did it for that purpose.

One of his officers sent word to the king that such and such things were being done.

Dick was amazed.

"Great Neptune!" he exclaimed, turning pale. "Ben Malcolm is either a great fool or the greatest knave that ever lived. Doesn't the fool know that if the Nongas acquire our knowledge of military organization their superior numbers will be our destruction? Or is he doing it for the purpose of revenging himself? By my soul I must lock the fellow up and keep those prisoners under a close guard lest one of them escape. Hanged if it would not give me a little pleasure to see Ben safely on his way back home to New York. It won't do to order him back here now. He would take alarm and make his escape with the prisoners, go to the Nongas, drill them, and then lead them against me. If they knew just half as much about military tactics as the Samoans do, they would run us all into the sea, for they are splendid fighters. I'll run down there myself with ten canoes full of men, on a friendly visit, and bring him back with me. Then he'll be simply a private citizen—nothing more—and live at the expense of the public.

That afternoon Dick ordered ten canoes to be got ready, and embarked with five hundred men in them. They pulled hard at the oars, and that night, under cover of darkness, marched up and surrounded Ben's house.

Then a single sentinel gave the alarm.

Ben sprang out of bed and rushed out doors, only to find himself a prisoner in the hands of the king's body-guard.

"What does this mean?" Ben demanded, turning to the commander of the body-guard.

"The king wants you," was the reply.

"Where is he?"

"Here," said Dick, advancing upon him.

"What in creation is the matter now?" Ben exclaimed.

"I will tell you all about it when we return to Samoa. Negadi will command this island. About face! March!"

The guard marched their prisoner down to the beach, and embarked him in one of the canoes.

All the way back Ben did not utter a word to any one.

When they landed, the officer of the guard removed the feathers from Ben's head, and then took his saber from him. Ben knew then that he had been degraded, and a deep hatred sprang up in his heart against Dick Dunn.

Several days passed, and then he sent word to Dick that he wanted to see him.

Dick concluded to have a talk with him, and for that purpose visited him in his quarters.

"What's the matter with you now?" Ben demanded.

"There's nothing the matter with me," replied Dick.

"Well, what am I a prisoner for?"

"I hardly know myself," was the reply.

"The deuce you don't!"

"No; I am in doubt whether you commenced drilling those Nonga prisoners because you didn't know any better, in which case you would be a half idiot, or for the purpose of putting it in their power, and that of their tribe, to some day wipe us all out of existence, in which case you're worse than any pirate that ever sailed the seas."

"I can assure you that I had no such intention," said Ben.

"Then you are too much of a fool to have a command here, for any one with a thimbleful of brains would know that just one well-drilled Nonga native, returning to his people, would cause the ruin of this people."

"I never thought of that," remarked Ben.

"Then I have done a wise thing in removing you from any command. I'm sorry, Ben, but you seem to have lost your head lately, or else have been trying to ruin me."

Ben made no reply for several minutes. Dick remained silent also. Both were thinking.

Finally Ben asked:

"Am I to remain under guard always?"

"Ben," said Dick, "that depends upon yourself. This is the second time I have had to act in self-defence against you. In my place you would have cut my head off as a traitor. We have been friends a long time. We can remain so if you will have it. You are free to come and go as you will, but the third time you play this game, the sharks will have some white meat to eat. Self-preservation is an uncompromising law, and I am a believer in it in the fullest sense. Come out of this with me, and you are free."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### BEN ESCAPES TO THE NONGAS AND IS MADE A CHIEF.

Dick took him by the arm and walked past the guard with him. The guard understood, then, that his duty was performed. An hour later the guard was removed.

Ben was given his house, and his wife was sent for at Lower Samoa. Several servants of Nonga prisoners were given him, whose duty was to provide food for the household.

Ben asked for a rifle and a brace of revolvers, but Dick firmly refused the request.

"Ten thousand curses follow him!" hissed Ben; "I'll make him repent of this, or my name is not Ben Malcolm. It would not have done him any harm to let me have a kingdom of my own. He was glad enough to keep what I had won. He is greedy and selfish, and not willing to let any one else make anything. He has a fortune in pearls already, wrung from these simple natives, and——"

A messenger from the king interrupted him.

"The king wants you," was all the messenger said.

Ben turned pale.

He didn't know but that some new charge against him had turned up.

"Ben Malcolm," said Dick, "some three thousand sixteen-foot lances have been found in your house at Lower Samoa. Do you know how they came there?"

"I do."

"Well, how about them?"

"I had them made when the others were."

"For what purpose?"

"For use in your army. I thought you would like them for a change."

Dick glared at him.

"Why keep them concealed?"

"Because I did not intend to let you know about it till I had enough for the whole army."

"Ben, I am not deceived—I see through the whole thing. You had better be careful after this."

Dick fairly hissed the words as he turned on his heels and strode away.

Ben returned to his house and busied himself with his thoughts. He could not bear the disgrace that had come upon him in the eyes of the natives.

"I'll go to the Nongas," he hissed, "and teach them how to fight these Samoans. I can get revenge if I don't get a kingdom."

After brooding over his disgrace for several days he called his Nonga servants and told them to get his canoe ready, as he wanted to go fishing. They did so, and having plenty of American fishing tackle, he went down to the beach, entered his canoe and spent the greater part of the day fishing.

He caught over one hundred pounds of fish, and seemed to enjoy the sport very much.

This he kept up several days, appearing contented with his altered position.

But one evening he failed to return.

He turned to the Nonga prisoners in the canoe, and said:

"We are not going back to Samoa. The white king is no more my friend. He is my enemy and the enemy of your people. I will go to your people and teach them how to fight the white king of Samoa, and make him pay tribute to King Mattahoi."

The Nongas were almost beside themselves with joy. They seized their oars and pulled southward with all their might.

Ben knew that he could rely upon them to defend him before Mattahoi, so he had no fears of the result of his treachery.

After rowing nearly all night, they struck the Island of Nonga proper, and landed. Hastening forward they met some natives, who told them where the fierce old king was.

At sunrise they reached the village of the king. He had an army of natives around him. But he was amazed at seeing Ben, whom he instantly recognized as one of the great leaders of the Samoans. Giving a shout, he ordered his men to seize him.

Ben smiled and made no resistance.

"Mattahoi," he said to the king, after the confusion had subsided, "the white king of Samoa is my enemy. He seeks my life. I come to you to teach your people how to fight him. I have brought some of your people with me as proof of what I say."

Mattahoi was amazed.

He questioned the prisoners who had come with Ben, and ascertained that the white king had disgraced him by taking his command away from him.

The old king turned and embraced him.



"You are welcome! You shall lead the Nongas to victory, and be next to the king!"

The Nongas hailed him with demonstrations of joy.

"There's no time to lose," said Ben. "Tell your men to make long javelins like those of Samoa—only make them the length of a Nonga javelin longer."

The old king ordered a thousand men to go to work at once making long lances.

"When I sleep and eat a little," continued Ben, "I will organize the men and show 'em how to fight," and then he looked around at the fierce warriors who were so eager to begin their first lesson. "In the meantime," he added, "order them to get ten thousand white feathers and as many close-fitting grass caps like this one," and he exhibited a cap which he had worn when in command of the second division of the Samoan army.

The king put another thousand men to catching the birds and securing the feathers, while twice that many women went to work making the caps.

"Now send out runners to watch the coast northward, so we may know when the white king is coming."

That was also done.

Then Ben proceeded to organize the men in companies, and to teach them how to march, wheel and counter-march. They were very apt scholars, and in a week's time they were pretty well versed in the art of marching and keeping in line. By that time the caps and feathers were ready. But the long lances required more time, as they had to be seasoned. While waiting for them the drilling went on with increased enthusiasm, and the number increased every day.

Suddenly the runners came flying in with the report that the white king was coming!

"Great whales!" exclaimed Ben, "and not a long lance ready!"

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### DICK AND BEN PREPARE TO MEET IN BATTLE.

The reader will remember that the young king allowed Ben Malcolm and his Nonga servants to go whithersoever he wished. But he never went about him any more after releasing him from arrest.

Sometimes several days would pass ere they saw each other, as it had not been required of Ben to report daily to any one, as he should have been.

One day it suddenly occurred to the young king that he had seen nothing of Ben for more than a week. He wondered what had caused him to secrete himself so completely.

He turned to Natigoo, his wife, and asked:

"Have you seen anything of Malcolm lately?"

"No," she replied.

"Have you seen his wife?"

"No!"

"Go and see her then. He may be sick and in need of help."

Natigoo, accompanied by half a dozen maids, paid a visit to the wife of Ben Malcolm. She found her in a gloomy condition.

"Where is your husband?" Natigoo asked.

She shook her head and sighed.

"Him gone a week."

"Where has he gone?"

"Don't know. Nonga slaves gone too. Maybe they throw him to sharks and take canoe to go home."

Natigoo was shrewd enough to understand the gravity of the situation. She turned quickly, and ran with the speed of an antelope back to the palace to acquaint her husband with the news.

Dick was startled when she dashed into his presence almost out of breath. She looked hard at him for a moment, as if waiting for permission to speak.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"He is gone!" she exclaimed.

"Who? Malcolm?"

"Yes."

"Where has he gone?"

"Don't know. Nonga slaves all gone too."

Dick sprang to his feet as if hornet-stung.

The whole thing flashed through his mind in a moment.

"He has gone to the Nongas to cast his fortunes with them. He will drill them in our tactics, and thus pave the way for the destruction of these Samoans. By the Lord Harry, if I get my hands on him again, I'll make short work of him! I was a fool to remove his guard. Natigoo, I must lead our army against the Nongas again!"

"The king will conquer all his enemies," said Natigoo, her faith in her idol being as firm as the eternal hills.

Dick sent a messenger for his general officers, ordering them to assemble at the grand Council House at once.

Of course they lost no time in obeying.

Dick met them and frankly told them that Ben Malcolm had turned traitor and escaped to the Nongas, to give them the secret of their military system.

"He has been gone a week or ten days," he said, "and may have had time to do incalculable mischief. We must go after him and make the Nongas give him up, or kill the last one of them."

The Samoans were at once wild with enthusiasm.

They were eager to go.

"Be ready to embark at sunrise," was the order for fully five thousand lances.

Precisely at sunrise one hundred and twenty canoes filled with natives left the island and moved southward. The waving plumes and long lances presented a beautiful scene in the early morning, and Natigoo and her maids stood on the bluffs waving adieux to them.

Late in the afternoon the Samoan army reached the main island of Nonga, and disembarked.

The Nonga runners, whom Ben had persuaded Mattahoi to send out, soon carried the news of their arrival on the coast to Ben and the fierce old king.

After recovering from the surprise and confusion caused by the news, Mattahoi turned to Ben and said:

"You know how the white king fights. Can you make Nonga men fight that way?"

"Yes, if I can have the time to get them ready. The long javelins are not seasoned, hence we can't use them against the white king. They would do no good."

"We have the short javelins," said Mattahoi.

"But if they have the long one how can we reach them?"

Mattahoi wore a troubled look as he gazed at his ally.

"We can tie two javelins together," said Ben, "and maybe they will be long enough."

"Yes," said the king, "that will do."

Ben took two short javelins and tied them together in order to test them. He came to the conclusion that they would not answer the purpose as against the long lances of the Samoans.

"Bring me one of the long lances," he said to one of his attendants.

In a few minutes one of the long new lances that had been made under his directions was placed in his hands. He tested it thoroughly. The wood was too green. Though it became hard as iron when thoroughly seasoned, yet it was quite the reverse when unseasoned.

To make another test he cut off the pointed end of the long lance and tied on one of the short javelins, thus making a long one that would reach farther than any he had seen.

"This will do!" he exclaimed, "though a little top heavy."

Then calling the lance-makers up he showed them what he wanted done. They caught his idea at once and went to work immediately. All night long they worked; the drilling was kept up all night, too, and morning found them tired and sleepy.

"If we can avoid a battle for a day or two," said Ben to Mattahoi, the next morning, "we can have our warriors very handy with the long javelins. Just now they hardly know how to handle them. Besides, the more they are drilled, the more formidable they will become."

"Then we won't fight to-day," said the king, "unless we are attacked."

A strong party was sent forward to watch the movements of the young king and report every hour. In the meantime Ben instructed the black warriors how to use the long lances. He had them pretty well drilled as to marching and keeping in line.

The waving white plumes above the dark bodies made a striking contrast.

"If I had a month's time in which to drill these fierce Nongas," said Ben to himself, "I could sweep the Samoans from every island's surface, and conquer every other tribe that could be reached. But for the fact that we largely outnumber them, I would not dare lock horns with them now. But these fellows are better fighters than they, so I will take the chances if Dick forces the fight to-day."

Ben kept drilling them in certain tactics until high noon. Then the news came that the Samoans were advancing.

Ben divided the army.

One wing, commanded by old Mattahoi in person, was to fall upon the rear of the enemy, and push him with all his might. This understood between them, they quietly awaited the onset of the invaders.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF NONGA.

On landing his army Dick Dunn went into camp, and threw out a strong line of sentinels. He did not intend to offer battle until the next day; nor did he intend to be surprised in the dead of night. His scouts were busy all through the night, however, bringing in reports of the immense number of black warriors who were rallying around old Mattahoi.

"So they march in line, eh, with white feathers on their heads? Well, if they had a month in which to perfect themselves in drilling, they would make it hot work for us. As it is, I'll pierce their line and overwhelm them at the first onset. Their short javelins will do them no good. Do they expect to throw them and then charge? I believe Ben Malcolm contemplated this thing two or three months ago, and that's why he had those long lances made at Lower Samoa. I'm glad I have them with us now."

Thus ran Dick Dunn's thoughts when he received a report from one of his scouts that the Nongas were drilling all night long. He knew that raw recruits were but poorly disciplined troops in any army, and therefore had no fear as to the result.

Accordingly, when morning came, he prepared for the conflict. He fully expected that the fierce old Mattahoi would rush down upon him like an avalanche.

He was surprised, as the morning wore away, and nothing but an outpost of the enemy was seen.

"Ah!" he said, "Ben is seeking delay. Every hour's delay makes him stronger. I will disappoint him. If he won't come to me, I will go to him."

He put his army in motion, and in an hour they were advancing in line of battle toward the hills.

The outposts were instantly deserted. Their scouts retreated and fell back upon the main body.

By noon the two armies came in sight of each other.

Dick halted and took in the situation.

He was dismayed at seeing long lances in the hands of the Nonga warriors. They were longer than those used by the Samoans, except the three thousand Ben had secretly caused to be made.

Taking his spy-glass, he minutely inspected the Nonga lines. He discovered that their long lances were spliced.

"Ah! that won't do!" he exclaimed. "They are too top-heavy. We have the advantage. I will order my longest lances to the front."

The change was quickly made, and then the advance was continued.

"Samoans!" Dick cried out to his men in their own tongue, "do your duty, or you will lose all!"

They answered him with a shout.

"Charge!" he yelled.

With demoniacal yells the rushing Samoans crashed against the Nonga line.

Both lances were about equal lengths, and for several minutes it seemed as if both lines were pinned together. They swayed to and fro, as though a wind swept back and forth.

Then the more agile lancers of the Samoans began their fine work. The top-heavy lances of the Nongas were not so deftly handled, and the result was the Nongas suffered terribly.

Old Mattahoi marched his division round nearly a mile, with the intention of falling upon the rear of the white king. Dick understood the movement, and sent a division to head it off. The old king found himself placed on the defensive, and instead of crushing his enemy was using all his energy to save himself. Thus holding the king in check, Dick turned his attention to breaking the line that was opposed to him in the first onset.

He believed that Ben commanded that line, but was unable to get sight of him. He looked everywhere for him.

Suddenly he found the Nongas concentrating for the purpose of piercing his centre. They were formed in the shape of a letter V, the point toward the Samoan line.

Quick as a flash Dick ordered his body-guard with fire-arms to place themselves behind his line.

The enemy's line parted, and the wedge-shaped body of black lancemen advanced.

Dick ordered a gap in his line, and no sooner was it made than a merciless discharge of buckshot and bullets from his little body-guard struck the head of the column.

The front dropped to the ground in the agonies of death. The reports of the guns, the smoke and smell of the burning powder, together with the cries of the wounded, staggered the enemy and they wavered.

"Charge!" yelled Dick, and the Samoans dashed forward with deafening yells, taking them at a disadvantage. The

result was, every Samoan lance-point caught a victim, and the destruction of life was awful.

Dick seized a lance and led the charge. His men followed him with such wild enthusiasm that the enemy was pushed back and his line thrown into confusion. The young king seized upon the moment to pour in another merciless discharge of lead, which caused them to break.

Then ensued a scene that beggars description. The Samoans lanced every man they could reach. The Nongas, uttering cries of despair, fled toward the southern end of the island. Dick led the pursuit for a mile, in order to complete the rout, and then called a halt.

His men promptly obeyed, and stood waiting for further orders.

He quickly dispatched one regiment to continue the pursuit.

"Catch Ben Malcolm and bring him to me!" he said, and they dashed on after the flying Nongas with wild, triumphant yells.

Then he led the rest of his men, over two thousand in number, back and closed in on old Mattahoi, who was holding his own against the other half of the Samoan army.

Before he could prevent it the old Nonga king and nearly four thousand of his men were surrounded with a wall of keen lance-points. They were outnumbered by nearly a thousand.

The Nongas tried in vain to retreat. Whichever way they turned they were met by the solid phalanx of Samoans. They hurled themselves on the lines only to be pierced through and through, and fell dying for their king.

The old king saw his peril, and deliberately made up his mind to die with arms in his hands, rather than be a prisoner again in the hands of the white king. He cheered his men on with fierce cries and gestures. With a javelin in his hands he fought like a human tiger.

Heading his men, he made a determined effort to break the Samoan line. Failing in that, he uttered a scream of rage and charged on Dick Dunn. The young king ran him through the body with his sword, and he fell dead at his feet. Howls of dismay went up from the Nongas.

They ran here and there, vainly trying to break through the coil that had been drawn around them. Hundreds hurled their javelins at the Samoans, wounding many and killing a few, and then sat down to await the death they believed was coming to them.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## KING OF TWO TRIBES.

The young king looked everywhere for Ben Malcolm. But there was such a mass of human beings in the death-struggle that he was unable to find him. As long as there were so many Nongas still fighting, he refrained from calling off his dogs of war. The battle was now a slaughter, and hundreds of unresisting Nongas were slain because a portion of their army kept on fighting.

At last the young king caught sight of Ben Malcolm. He had him hemmed in. How he got mixed up in Mattahoi's division was not known, but he was there, encouraging the Nongas to a desperate effort.

When Dick first saw him a shout of triumph escaped him.

"Ha! I've got him, the traitor!" he exclaimed.

Ben formed the Nongas into an immense wedge and charged. The impetus was too great for the Samoan line to stand before it. They gave way, and the wedge pierced through like water trickling through a crevasse.

Dick rallied his men and marched them along side by side with them, piercing them mercilessly as they went. They still surrounded the wedge, but were forced to move with it.

Suddenly Dick ordered his body-guard to open fire on the head of the column. They did so, and a fearful panic was the result. The Nongas ran screaming here and there, throwing down their arms, too demoralized to make any more resistance. The fight then became a slaughter—a massacre.

Dick ordered his men to charge, and one company was assigned the task of rushing in and making a prisoner of Ben Malcolm. The company made a dash and secured him, though he fought like a tiger.

The last Nongas then threw themselves on the ground, face downward, to wait for the lances to pierce them.

Dick gave the order to cease the work of death, and the disciplined Samoans obeyed promptly, after the battle had raged for over four hours.

Over three thousand Nongas were slain, and nearly one thousand Samoans.



Had Ben Malcolm been allowed a fortnight's longer time in which to drill the Nongas he would have accomplished the complete overthrow of the young king.

As it was it caused the hardest fight the young king had yet seen.

But Dick was repaid for all his hard work in the capture of the traitor.

He gathered his prisoners—over one thousand in number—and put them under a strong guard. He then detailed nearly half his army to bury the dead to prevent pestilence.

That evening Ben Malcolm was sent back to Samoa under a strong guard, the captain of which was instructed to tell Natigoo all about the great victory that had been won.

He remained with the main body of the army for the purpose of looking after the successor of old Mattahoi, whom he had slain in the battle.

To the very great surprise of the Nonga prisoners they were very kindly treated. Plenty of food and water was given them, and no rigorous rules oppressed them. They were permitted to rest at their ease till morning, when they were marched out, under a strong guard, before the young king. Dick talked to them, and said:

"Because your king did not keep faith with me this terrible loss has come upon you. Mattahoi was not wise. He is now dead because he was foolish. If the Nongas are wise, and would become great and powerful again, so they can triumph over their enemies, they will call the white king of Samoa to reign over them. He can be the king of both tribes and raise them up together, to be strong friends, so they can fight side by side instead of face to face. Your king is dead; I am ready to become your king—to bury the javelin and war-club, and make the Nongas happy and prosperous like the Samoans."

The Samoans were even more surprised than the Nongas were at this unexpected speech from the king. They didn't know just what to make of it, and were about to show some signs of disapproval, when Dick silenced them by saying:

"But I will stay with the Samoans as I do now."

The Nonga prisoners were pleased at the idea of having a king to reign over them whom nothing could beat. They had met him in battle several times, and had been defeated every time, notwithstanding they outnumbered him two to one. With him as their king they could recover their lost power and prestige.

The nine chiefs, who were among the prisoners, decided that it was far better to have the white king for a friend than an enemy, so they elected him king of the Nongas in place of Mattahoi, who was dead, stipulating that he should visit Nonga twice a year and preside at their great feasts.

Dick agreed to that, and then said that, as he was now their king, he would punish disloyalty with death.

"You are free now to go and come as you please. Your chiefs must bring to me the two white men who were with you a year ago."

"They are gone away," said an old chief.

"Where did they go?"

"Westward, in a big canoe. Mattaroi told them they had better go, as the white king wanted them, and they went."

Dick was greatly disappointed, as he turned away and muttered:

"I'm glad I killed the old rascal."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

Being elected King of Nonga, Dick Dunn did not hasten his return to Samoa. He desired to wait and see how the other chiefs would receive his election as king. Therefore he allowed the late prisoners to go out among the people and talk to them about it.

At first the other chiefs were stunned by the news. Then, as they talked, they decided that under the white king they would be invincible.

"Will he marry Mattahoi's widow?" was asked by all the women.

"Will he head our army and teach us as he has taught the Samoans?" asked the men.

Then, as he was their king, they naturally wanted to see him. The man who slew the fierce Mattahoi was, in their estimation, a hero equal to any of the gods.

He was forced to hold a sort of court for nearly a week, in order to let the whole tribe see him.

Such had been the terror of his name among the Nongas that the women trembled with fear and awe as they looked upon him. He smiled upon them, and told the young maidens

that they should all have husbands. Then they sang and danced before the king, displaying wonderful agility.

Dick professed to be pleased at everything, and proceeded to give each chief a command in the reorganized army of Nonga. They entered into their new relations with enthusiasm.

Dick appointed Samoan drill-officers to perfect them in drilling. But he ordered no long lances to be made for them until further orders. He did not care to make them quite the equals of his own soldiers until he was better assured of their loyalty.

The household of the late king was brought before him. There were half a hundred wives—widows now—among them.

"The old Turk!" exclaimed Dick, as he gazed upon the batch of dusky beauties. "I can't marry any of them, but they can all be court ladies, and thus continue members of the royal household."

After spending ten days conferring with his new subjects, during which time the Nonga and Samoan armies fraternized in a manner that greatly pleased him, the young king prepared to depart and return to Samoa. Thousands of Nongas turned out to see them embark.

The victorious army was received at Samoa with a welcome such as was never seen there before. They hailed their young king as a hero before whom no tribe could stand. The women prostrated themselves on the ground before him as he landed. Natigoo rushed into his arms and hailed him as her god-king and husband!

Of course a week of rejoicing followed. The happy natives brought fish, flesh, and fowls to contribute to the grand feast. Natigoo covered the walls of the palace with gay feathers of rain-bow hues, until they presented a scene of Oriental splendor. She had also made him a royal robe covered in like feathery hues, which, with the peculiar head-dress he wore, surmounted by the stuffed green parrakeet, made him look every inch a barbaric king.

This royal scene was heightened when the full glare of the native oil lamps was turned on it.

A regiment of black Nongas had accompanied him back to Samoa. Their white waving plumes contrasted vividly with their dark complexions, and added greatly to the interest of the scene.

It was at this hour that our story opened in the first chapter—when Ben Malcolm was found pleading before the king for his life.

Dick had sternly refused his prayer, and declared that he must die. The guards had taken him away and carried him back to the place of confinement. But for the guards the place could never have held him. The guards were the walls and locks that were to keep him secure till the day and hour of execution.

He had not— an hour gone from the royal presence when the young king and all his court were startled by a boom that seemed to roll in from the sea like a peal of thunder.

They looked at each other in profound amazement.

"That's a gun—a cannon," exclaimed Dick, "and it's not far away, either. To arms! To arms!"

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### IN WHICH THE YOUNG KING CAPTURES A PIRATE SHIP.

The whole Samoan army, as well as the regiment of black Nongas, sprang to arms at the call of their young king, and in less than a half hour between 4,000 and 5,000 men were in line awaiting orders.

Natigoo and her court remained in the palace listening to the preparations for war going on around them. Just what the enemy was no one seemed to know. The king had called to arms, therefore there must be an enemy of some kind about.

While the soldiers were falling into line the young king was out on the bluff looking seaward. The moon was not out. It was dark, and nothing could be seen any great distance from shore.

Suddenly Dick saw a ship's light out in front of him. He was not deceived. He knew too well the familiar lights used by sailors the world over.

"Put out the lights in the village," he ordered, and in a few moments not a light was to be seen in the place.

A quiet like that of death pervaded the crowd.

"Let all the women and children stay in their houses," was the next order, and it was promptly obeyed.

The night passed, and then it was discovered that a ship was coming up into the harbor.



Dick was amazed.

What could it mean?

He told the military to remain as they were until ordered to move, and then went down to the shore, accompanied only by his body-guard.

There, under the dense foliage of the trees, he waited and watched. The ship slowly made its way up the inlet until it entered the bend, where a heavy anchor was cast.

Dick followed her movements and listened.

He heard Dutch, Spanish, French, English and other languages spoken by those on board.

"She's a pirate," he said to himself. "They are going to hide here from pursuit, and will, no doubt reveal some traits of character to these natives that will make them think less of their king. I'll see that not a single native falls into their hands. They would plunder the village, if they could, and carry away the young women. They shall not touch a single native if I can prevent it."

The anchor had not been long cast ere a boat was lowered and filled with a band of cut-throats. They rowed ashore and proceeded to build a fire about a hundred yards up from the beach.

He watched them till he was satisfied of their designs. They only desired to come ashore for an old-time supper and dance.

"The entire crew, except one or two men, will come on shore," said Dick to himself. "If they are not too many I can capture them and the ship, which will give me something of a navy, to say nothing of the treasure on board ship. I'll go back and plan an attack."

Creeping away into the forest, followed by his body-guard, the young king made his way back to his army. Every man and officer was at his post waiting for orders.

He explained that the ship was sent by the enemies of his people in the land of sunrise, to capture him and destroy the Samoan kingdom, and asked them if he could depend on them to stand by him in the face of guns that flashed fire and sent death with every shot?

"We will die for our king!" exclaimed an officer, and every man in the army repeated it.

"I will trust you, my brave men. Follow me."

They followed him down the hill through the dark woods to the part of the harbor where the pirate crew was banqueting on shore.

He saw fully one hundred and fifty cut-throats about the camp-fire. They had brought only their side arms with them, as no natives would dare molest so many.

Dick waited an hour or more, and judged from what he could see or hear that all were on shore save two or three, who were left in charge of the ship.

Whispering to his officers a few commands, he started out to lead a thousand men round between the pirates and the water.

The pirates never suspected danger until one of their number suddenly ran back to the boats for something. Ere he was aware of the presence of natives he was transfixed by three javelins. He gave a wild yell and fell in the agonies of death.

"Charge!" cried Dick, in loud tones, and instantly over three thousand natives sprang forward from every point of the compass and closed in on the pirates.

The surprised freebooters drew their pistols and fired. Their shots did but little execution in the excitement of the moment, not over a score being hit. Then they drew their sabers and prepared to sell their lives dearly.

But they had but little time to prepare. The wall of lance-points closed around them, and the work of death commenced. Sabers were of no avail against a wall of lances on every side.

Thrust! Clash!

Lunge! Crash!

Howls of rage, shrieks of pain, and wild cheers went up from the struggling mass.

The long lances told in the end.

One hundred and fifty men could do nothing against twenty times that number.

Twenty minutes and the struggle was over.

All the pirate crew on shore were dead or dying.

Boom! came a cannon shot from the ship, and a ten-pound ball went crashing through the trees.

The three men left in charge of the ship had fired the shot. The noise demoralized not a few of the troops, and the Nonga regiment broke and fled.

"Steady, men!" cried the young king.

As long as they heard his voice the Samoans were valiant and fearless.

"To the boats! To the boats!" he cried, leading the way to the three life-boats belonging to the ship.

The men followed him fearlessly, and seized the <sup>age</sup>ars. His body-guard were with him.

As the boats neared the ship Dick saw the three men preparing to throw hand-grenades into them.

He quickly ordered his body-guard to fire, and the next moment the three pirates were riddled with buckshot.

"That's all—the victory is ours!"

The natives sent up a cheer that rolled over the island, and told the trembling women and children back in the village two miles away that they had won the fight.

Dick climbed up on deck, and found only the three dead bodies on board. He gave another shout of triumph, which was taken up by those on shore.

"By the raging sea!" exclaimed Dick, almost beside himself with joy, "this is the best luck that ever befell a king!"

He almost danced over the deck of the ship.

"Throw those three bodies to the sharks!" he cried.

They were quickly cast overboard.

Then he ordered every dead body on shore to be searched, stripped, and everything found on them placed in a pile.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"JIM! JIM! MY BROTHER!"

The order was soon obeyed. Every pistol and saber, every suit of clothes and bit of money or jewelry were piled together in a heap, for no Samoan dared to pilfer from the white king.

Then came another order from the ship:

"Throw the bodies to the sharks!"

A few minutes later and the tigers of the deep were banqueting on the bodies of men who had no doubt frequently thrown other mortals to a similar fate.

Then the young king ordered one of his staff to place a guard over the pile of plunder, after which the main body were ordered to return to the village and sleep.

Dick procured a light and proceeded to search the prize which had fallen into his hands. Going below, he found her heavily armed—having about twenty heavy guns, several hundred stands of arms, boarding pikes, sabers, and an almost unlimited quantity of ammunition.

In the captain's cabin he found evidences of luxury on every hand. There were treasures untold all around him—gold, silver and precious stones in an iron-bound chest under the captain's bed.

While in the captain's cabin one of his staff said he heard voices in the next room.

Dick ordered them to break open the door. They did so, and two men were found in there, bound and prostrate on the floor.

Cutting the bonds that bound them, Dick said:

"It is quite plain that you two are not pirates. Get up and—"

"Great God!" exclaimed one of the men, rising to his knees and glaring up at Dick, "that voice and face! Dick Dunn, is that you?"

"Jim! Jim! my brother!" cried Dick, springing forward and clasping his brother in his arms.

Both men wept like children on each other's necks in the presence of the natives.

The other sailor was Bob Herkimer, and when Dick and Jim released each other he came in for his share of congratulations.

"What in the world does this mean, Dick?" demanded Jim Dunn, as he stared at his peculiar head-dress; "what are you doing here in this part of the world?"

"I came out here in search of you, brother. The Samoans received me kindly. I helped the old king with my military knowledge to whip his enemies, and the result was that when he died I married his daughter and became King of Samoa."

"Great cyclones!" gasped Jim, in profound amazement. "Are you the white king that conquered the Nongas?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, we've been fighting against each other without knowing it. When Mattahoi told me that the white king demanded us, we thought you were some bloody pirate, and concluded to take our chances in a canoe at sea, or on some other island. So we set out, and, after cruising about for some time, we were picked up by this bloody pirate. They came very near making us walk the plank two or three times."

"Well, well, I suspected that the two white men with the Nongas were you and your mate. That's why I exacted a promise from old Mattahoi to send you both in. My mate and I fell out. He deserted us, went to the Nongas, commenced drilling them, and would have soon done no end of mischief. I made war on Mattahoi, fought a great battle with him, slew him with my own hand, captured my treacherous mate and a



thousand Nonga warriors, and managed to get elected King of Nonga, to succeed Mattahoi."

"Great sea-serpents!" exclaimed Jim.

"Arabian Nights!" cried Herkimer. "Never heard anything like it in my life!"

"How did you manage to capture the ship?"

"Surprised the crew on shore with my army, and slew the last mother's son of them. That's the way we managed it. Of course the ship and its cargo is my prize."

"Yes, and I suspect it is a very rich prize. I know that they have plenty of everything good on board. There's good wine in the captain's cupboard there."

"Come, then, let's have some of it. These are my staff—brave, loyal fellows," and Dick introduced his officers by name to his brother and Bob Herkimer. The natives received them as became them, and then they all opened bottles of wine and drank till they were merry as sailors ever get to be without crossing over into inebriety. Then Jim and Bob told the story of how they came to leave the ship "Pelican" six years before the opening of our story.

"Our time had expired, and the captain would not give us wages unless we would sign articles for five more voyages. We made up our minds to leave the ship. Falling in love with two pretty Samoan girls, we ran away with them, and struck out for another island. But the Nongas soon captured us, and we have seen nothing of our sweethearts since."

"That's easily remedied," said Dick, "for Samoa is full of pretty girls who would jump at the chance of marrying a brother or friend of the king."

"I would like to find my girl again," said Bob.

"Well, we'll look for both. If alive yet, you may be assured that they are married again, for I caused two thousand marriages in one day here last year."

Jim and Bob gave prolonged whistles and took another drink of wine.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### INSPECTING THE PRIZE.

That night Dick, Jack and Bob slept together in the captain's cabin of the pirate ship. The young king declared it the happiest night he had spent since leaving home to go in search of his brother.

They arose the next morning and breakfasted on the good things to be found on board the ship.

Scarcely had they finished the meal ere a great shout came from the natives on shore. They ran up on deck to see the occasion of it, and were surprised to find Natigoo and a score of her maidens approaching the ship in a large canoe.

The moment the princess beheld Dick, she rose to her feet and kissed her little nut-brown hands to him.

"That's the princess—my wife," said Dick to his brother and Bob Herkimer. Both men uncovered their heads and bowed to her. She seemed surprised at seeing the two strangers at his side. But Dick called out to her:

"Come aboard, all of you!"

A rope-ladder was lowered over the side of the ship, and the sprightly maidens followed their queen nimbly up to the deck.

Natigoo was surprised to learn that Jim was a brother of her husband. But she received him with great cordiality, and then proceeded to inspect the ship with childish eagerness.

In looking through the pirate captain's effects, Dick found nearly a dozen splendid naval uniforms, which the arch villain had used when occasion required him to practice deception.

"Just the things we want," said Dick, his face lighting up with smiles. "I'll take the admiral's uniform, Jim the commodore's, and Bob the captain's. It will make the natives think you both are high dignitaries in the land of sunrise."

"That's so," laughed Bob. "I haven't had on a decent suit of clothes in over six years."

"Neither have I," added Jim.

"Then we'll lock ourselves in and dress up," said Dick.

Ten minutes later they emerged from the captain's cabin resplendent in gold-laced uniforms of red, blue and buff, with swords, red silk sashes, epaulets, chapeaus and gauntlets. Natigoo and her maidens were awed into silence by their presence. But the young king advanced to her side and kissed her with his old-time affection, an act that reassured her, and the next moment their voices were heard all over the ship.

A search revealed immense treasures on board. All kinds of jewelry, silks and satins, silk dresses, and a thousand other things were found.

Natigoo and her maidens were made happy by numerous

presents. Of all things, a large mirror pleased them most. They would stand before it by the hour admiring themselves.

Dick and his two friends laughed heartily at their antics.

"Women are alike the world over," said Bob, shaking his head.

"Yes," said Dick, "and all the world over the men like them."

"You are right there, Dick," assented Jim Dunn. "I can't help liking them, be they heathen or Christian."

"Neither can I," replied the young king. "But come up to my palace. I want to show you my army."

"Oh, we've seen it," said Jim, "and know something about their fighting qualities."

The young king left a young native captain on board, with his company as guard, and went ashore with his wife and staff. Jim and Bob accompanied him.

On shore they were received with deafening cheers by the army.

Arrived at the village, they viewed a grand parade of all the troops. The black Nonga regiment marched past and recognized Jim and Bob.

They grew perfectly wild in their delight at seeing them, and both men waved their chapeaus at them.

The parade over, Jim asked the young king:

"What have you done with Ben Malcolm?"

"He is under guard and under sentence of death," was the reply.

"Are you going to do that, Dick?"

"Yes—why not? He would destroy me if he could. He caused the death of over 3,000 men by his desertion of Samoa and going over to the enemy."

"I would like to see him," remarked Jim.

"You can do that."

Dick went with them, and found Ben fast asleep.

He called him.

Ben sprang to his feet and glared around him.

The brilliant uniforms puzzled him.

He looked up at the two strangers and asked:

"What's wanted?"

"My brother and Bob Herkimer wanted to see you," said Dick in reply.

"So you've found them, have you?"

"Yes."

"Where were they?"

"They were prisoners on board a pirate ship which we captured last night."

Ben glared up in amazement.

"How did you capture it?"

"By attacking the entire crew on shore."

Ben was silent for a few minutes. Then he asked:

"What will you do with the ship?"

"Add it to the royal navy," was the reply.

Ben sneered.

"You are a king yet, are you?"

"Oh, yes. Mattahoi was killed in battle, and I've been elected his successor."

"King of Nonga?"

"Yes."

"You're lucky!"

"Yes. Had you stood by me like a man you could have been as lucky yourself."

"Oh, that's all right. What are you going to do with me now?"

"Execute the sentence that stands against you, of course. I cannot do otherwise."

Ben made no reply, and in a few minutes the party left him alone with his reflections.

## CHAPTER XL.

### CONCLUSION.

On the way back to the palace Jim and Bob began to suggest to the young king that he had no legal right to order the execution of Ben Malcolm.

"If the king has not the legal right, who has?" Dick demanded.

"But he is an American citizen, and your government is not recognized by the United States," replied Jim.

"But they recognize the existence of Samoa and her right to a government of her own."

"But you have no courts of law," said Jim. "He has not been tried, you know."

"That's a matter that pertains to Samoa alone. He has



committed a crime that would cause him to be hung in any other country, and self-preservation impels me to put him out of the way."

"Why not keep him under guard—a perpetual prisoner?" Bob Herkimer asked.

"I suppose I could do that, but it would be at the expense of these people, and he does not deserve that much consideration."

"Perhaps not," remarked Jim, "but it would be a very worthy thing on your part to do."

"May be you are right," said Dick, "and perhaps I will do it, though the rascal richly deserves a dog's death. I saved his life once, and he repaid me by seeking my ruin."

By this time they had reached the king's palace, and were about to partake of a repast of rich tropical fruits, when one of the staff officers came running in with the report that another big ship was coming.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Dick, running out of the house, followed by Jim and Bob.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "she's standing in. It's an Englishman."

"She may be another pirate, flying the English flag for a purpose."

"She is an English man-of-war ship," said Dick, shaking his head. "She must be in pursuit of the pirate we captured last night."

"Better that than another pirate," remarked Jim.

"A thousand times better," added Bob.

"Oh, yes; still, I'm afraid they will seize the vessel and carry it away as a prize."

"They certainly will not do that."

"You don't much about the English. They will say we have no standing among the nations, and therefore are not entitled to any recognition at their hands. I only wish we had the arms, ammunition, and treasure safely on shore. They might take the ship then and be welcome to it. She is standing straight for this harbor. We may as well go down to the ship and make the best bargain we can."

Dick and the other two hastened down to the ship and went aboard. The native guards were sent ashore.

The man-of-war came slowly up the harbor till the masts of the pirate ship were seen through the trees. Then all was bustle on board, and the deck was cleared for action. A few minutes later a shot was fired, which passed through the rigging.

Dick promptly displayed a white flag.

"Lower a boat and come aboard!" ordered the Englishman.

"Aye, sir!" responded Dick.

A boat being alongside, all three entered and rowed to the ship's side and went aboard.

The British captain looked on them with amazement.

"Who are you? You don't look like pirates."

"Nor are we pirates," replied Dick. "We are American sailors living here. I am King of Samoa—a graduate of an American military school. I have taught these natives military tactics and organized quite an army. Last night this pirate came here, and the crew went ashore for a night of revelry. I surrounded them with two thousand spearmen, and they fought till the last man was killed and thrown to the sharks."

"Young man," said the British captain, "that is a very romantic yarn. What's your name?"

"Dick Dunn, of New York; and this is my brother Jim, and this is Bob Herkimer."

The captain stared at them suspiciously.

"You can find several thousand witnesses of the proof of my story, sir, on shore, if you desire to do so."

"I will look into the case. In the meantime, I shall hold you prisoners."

Then turning to an officer, he ordered him to go aboard the pirate ship and take possession of it.

They evidently feared treachery of some kind, as two boats full of marines, armed to the teeth, went with the officer. Not a soul was found on board, and they found things just as Dick had described them.

"You have told the truth, sir," said the captain, turning to Dick.

"I am aware of that," was Dick's cool reply.

"If your story in the whole is sustained by the facts, you will be released."

"Please inform me of the facts required," Dick asked.

"Proof of your being king of this island, and other general facts."

"Very well, sir," and stepping to the side of the ship, he called to his staff-officers on shore:

"Direct all the officers of the first division to come aboard."

A half hour later nearly half a hundred Samoan came aboard and saluted the young king. Dick explained the different colored feathers in their grass helmets and their rank. Many of the officers could speak pigeon English and answered the captain's questions in a very straightforward manner.

"You are released from arrest, sir," said the captain.

"But the ship?"

"I shall have to keep her."

"Upon what grounds?"

"Public policy. The Court of Admiralty, however, will award it to you if you put in your claim."

"Which I shall certainly do. In the meantime I beg pleasure of your company at dinner on board the prize."

"Accepted! At what hour?"

"The one you shall name."

"Thanks—say at five o'clock."

"Agreed."

Dick went back to the prize and issued orders for immense quantities of tropical fruit to be gathered and sent on board the man-of-war, as well as one hundred fat kids.

Natigoo and her maids were sent for to be present at a banquet, which was a grand affair.

At the table Dick arranged with the captain for passage himself and comrades to England, in order that he might put in his claim for the rich prize.

"It is worth a half million dollars," he said, "and I am willing to let it go without an effort to keep it."

A week passed in a round of festivities, during which Dick released Ben Malcolm; pardoned him on condition he also leave Samoa forever.

Dick called his officers together and made them swear to obey Natigoo, as queen, till he returned. He placed his crown on her head and kissed her in the presence of 5,000 men, who shouted themselves hoarse over the fact that she was king in his absence.

Then, the ship being in readiness to start, he removed the pearls on board, bade adieu to Natigoo and the army, and went with the captain to the ship.

Arrived in England after a stormy voyage, the story of the young king excited universal interest. Hundreds of Americans called on him.

During the progress of his stay in England he became acquainted with an American girl with whom he fell in love. She returned his passion, and they were married.

Of course he did not intend to return to Samoa after Natigoo was "king" there now, and she would not allow another woman in the case.

The Court of Admiralty awarded him the prize of the pirate ship, to be paid in money, which made him very rich. With his pretty wife he was satisfied to give up his little kingdom in the South Sea, and return to his native land.

Ben Malcolm disappeared when he landed in England, and our hero never heard of him again.

Thus ends the story of THE YOUNG KING.

THE END.

Read the next number (99) of "Pluck and Luck," entitled "JOE JECKEL, THE PRINCE OF FIREMEN," by ex-Chief Warden.

## SPECIAL NOTICE!

All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from a newsdealer, send the price in money or post stamps by mail to

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher**  
24 Union Square, New York,

and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.







